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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Germany's Future

THE Allied occupation of Western Germany has ended almost exactly ten years after the fall of the Third Reich in 1945. Western Germany becomes a sovereign Republic again, temporarily partitioned, but by the continued Soviet occupation of the eastern zone. Euphemistic sovereignty has done nothing to alter its occupied status. But Moscow-directed Communism has been set up and the territory has been given a puppet regime.

A natural fear in the West today is that Dr. Adenauer may share the fate of his predecessors in the post-World War I Weimar Republic and be swept away not by an electoral landslide but by a positive avalanche of feeling for Moscow's plan for reunification and neutralisation. Russia seeks less to cause an explosion than to remove the key-stone to bring Western plans for unity tumbling down.

COMPLETE sovereignty, Russia says, can be restored on the same lines as it proposes to give freedom to Austria. Do Germans really believe their country's problem and Austria's are the same—or even similar? Soviet-occupied Germany is a Communist police state which, if released upon a Western Germany which has renounced her NATO and pro-Western ties for the Russian ideal of neutrality, would soon engulf the whole country.

There is no comparable Soviet regime in the Eastern zone of Austria and therefore there is little likelihood of the country going Communist after the withdrawal of Russian troops. That is the cardinal difference. If Western Germany values the democracy it has established in the last 10 years, there can be no question of accepting Soviet plans.

The Western Foreign Ministers are now pressing for a meeting to win agreement on its policies which have the clear support of a still strong element of realistic Germans. But the tide of feeling appears to be swinging in the Russians' favour. Dr. Adenauer will have to manoeuvre carefully to retain the ascendancy and he will not succeed without causing severe strains in the structure of his young Republic.

Hongkong Heading For New Record At BIF

Mr Dulles Strikes Confident Note

Washington, May 6. The United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, leaving to attend a North Atlantic Treaty Council meeting in Paris, said today that the restoration of West Germany's sovereignty and the Austrian treaty negotiations opened up "new vistas for accomplishment" by the Western alliance.

Mr. Dulles said he was looking forward to welcoming West Germany's representatives into the NATO council room next week and he added that he was leaving Washington with greater confidence than he felt on any previous mission he had taken as Secretary of State.

NEW CHAPTER
"I truly believe that our meeting in Paris, where we will welcome a newly sovereign Germany into the Atlantic alliance, will begin the writing of a chapter in the European story—a chapter which will record the realisation of a new Europe united, free and secure, of which men of vision have so long dreamed," he said.

"And it may be that even as we meet in Paris, yet another great city in Europe—Vienna—may see the coming to fruition of our decade-long efforts to secure freedom and independence for Austria."

"In that event, I would prolong my journey to meet with the other foreign ministers in Vienna to conclude the Austrian state treaty."

"These two achievements so long sought by the West, would of themselves open new vistas for accomplishment," he said.

Vaccine Deliveries Suspended

Washington, May 6. The United States Public Health Service has temporarily suspended all additional deliveries of the Salk anti-polio vaccine, Surgeon-General Dr. Leonard A. Scheele announced today.

The suspension will continue, he said, until the results of a complete investigation of the effects of the vaccine by medical committees are known.

France-Press.

PUBLIC SHOWS TREMENDOUS INTEREST

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, May 6. The amount of new business initiated on the Hongkong stand at the British Industries Fair is almost certain to set a new record this year. By this evening, with seven days still to go, the number of bona fide trade enquiries recorded on the stand had reached 480. Last year there were 638 spread over the full eleven days of the fair.

The Hongkong Government's London office said tonight that the enquiries appeared to be equally divided between British and overseas buyers. Last year two-thirds of the enquiries were from home buyers.

A feature of business on the stand has been the number of enquiries for goods that have been attacked by British manufacturers for some alleged infringement of fair trading practices. Buyers seem unimpressed by allegations that these goods are Japanese products in disguise. Five minutes' conversation with any of the numerous helpers on the stand is sufficient to convince all except those who refused to be convinced that everything on display is a genuine Hongkong product.

But interest has not been confined to the goods that have been in the news for one reason or another. Nor is it shown by trade buyers alone. The public is admitted every afternoon and the Hongkong stand has attracted some of the largest crowds at Olympia. Most of the people are amazed at the variety of goods on display, and when questioned, confess that they had no idea Hongkong had such highly developed industries.

And as always the question most asked is, "Where can we buy these things?"

Russians To Avoid Fingerprinting

London, May 6. Moscow Radio announced today that the Soviet government would send to the United States an agricultural delegation whose members would have "official status" so as to circumvent American procedure on granting of visas to foreign nations.

The radio said the decision followed an American communication which said visas would be granted to Soviet farming delegations this summer—but that they would have to submit to the "normal procedure" (having their fingerprints taken) unless they travelled in an official capacity.

The Russian communication said: "The members of the Soviet agricultural delegation travelling to the United States will have official status."

"In this case, as was stated by the United States Embassy, instead of ordinary visas they will receive service visas for which the applicants are not required to provide fingerprints or to complete a questionnaire," Moscow Radio said.

Moscow radio added that the Soviet delegation would consist of representatives of Soviet agricultural departments or scientific institutions as well as representatives of state and collective farms.

(Last month, 11 Soviet student editors missed the ship that was to have taken them on a visit to the United States because they refused to have their fingerprints taken. They were said to have objected to "this because fingerprinting was for criminals and undignified.") (An American State Department official said at the time that the measure was intended not as a check on possible criminal records, but as a means of identification in the event of an accident.)—Reuter.

Austrians Anxious

Hitch In Treaty Drafting

Vienna, May 6.

The Big Four Ambassadors and the Austrian Foreign Minister in conference here failed today to complete their task of drafting an Austrian state treaty—as they had hoped to do—and adjourned until Monday.

It was announced that a communiqué would be issued late tonight.

The first part of today's session centred on the question of German assets in Austria, according to usually reliable sources.

Austrian observers have been growing anxious as they are eager for the Foreign Ministers to come to Vienna and sign next week the treaty which will end the ten-year occupation of their country.

FEAR DELAYS
Otherwise they fear that owing to the engagements of Mr. John Foster Dulles, and Mr. Harold Macmillan, the signing may be put off until June.

This would make it difficult for the treaty to be ratified by the American Senate before it recesses in July and might delay the treaty and the withdrawal of Allied troops for many months.

Conference circles said the agenda for today included discussions of articles 35 (German assets) and 42 (United Nations property in Austria) and preparation for a text on guarantees for the Foreign Minister's approval.

Article 35 has caused great difficulties because some aspects of last month's Austro-Soviet bilateral agreement made in Moscow were still obscure and needed clarification.—Reuter.

Refuses State Pension

New York, May 6. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of wartime American President Franklin D. Roosevelt, has turned down a State pension of \$10,000 a year.

She said she had sufficient money of her own and therefore did not wish to accept the pension.

The Senate had voted a bill yesterday providing pensions for widows of former Presidents of the United States.—France-Press.

Cholera Epidemic

Dacca, May 6. Two hundred people were reported to have died within one week in a cholera epidemic which has broken out in the village of Lohogora, in the Jessore district of East Pakistan. Most travellers were being carried out in the stricken area.—France-Press.

Straight Talking Over Vietnam Promised

Paris, May 7.

France will today urge upon Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, the need for widening the basis of the government of Mr. Diem, the American-trained Catholic Premier of South Vietnam.

French officials are convinced that Mr. Diem's position is by no means solid despite his recent local success in suppressing the military opposition of the Binh Xuyen sect in Saigon. Their view is that his power is likely to deteriorate unless he agrees to take into his government leaders of all sections of the very varied population of his country.

For this purpose, the French continue to regard the Emperor Bao Dai as an essential element for uniting the South Vietnamese people behind a representative government capable of organising elections in South Vietnam and consolidating the country in time for the vital trial of strength with the Communist North next year.

Premier Edgar Faure and Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay will tell Mr. Dulles that it would be a serious mistake to encourage elements in Saigon to repudiate Bao Dai, the present head of the South Vietnamese state.

SKILLED STATESMAN
A French view is that Bao Dai, who has been the butt of British and American newspaper comment as the "absentee emperor", is in fact a highly skilled statesman whose absence from Saigon is as much due to American pressure as to any other cause.

It is hoped here that when Bao Dai sees Mr. Dulles during the weekend in Paris, Mr. Dulles will become convinced that Bao Dai represents a valuable trump card for the free west to play in Indo-China.

The French believe that the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, who is joining Mr. Foster Dulles and Mr. Edgar Faure for talks on Indo-China today, will broadly take the same line as the French Government.

FRENCH CONCERN
France is quite as much concerned as the United States to prevent Communist conquest of South Vietnam. She has 25,000 French residents with established businesses in Vietnam to think of. She is also concerned with the fate of 150,000 Eurasians, men and women, born of mixed Franco-Indo-Chinese marriages.

Any difference between America and France is stated by French sources to be not on objectives, but on how best to attain them. The French view is well-known in Washington and is believed to be shared by a number of officials there.—Reuter.

UP TO VIETNAMESE
Washington, May 6. A State Department spokesman said today the Vietnamese people themselves must choose the form of Government and constitution under which they wanted to live.

The spokesman, Mr. Lincoln White, also reiterated United States support of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem when asked to comment on criticisms of Bao Dai, the absentee Vietnamese Chief of State, and on reports that the Vietnam Government might decide to declare a republic.

Mr. White said the United States had great sympathy for a national cause which was "free and effective." This was because the United States had been supporting and was continuing to support the legal government of Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in this week's feature section:
P. 5: My Life with the Aga Khan, by the Begum Aga Khan: Gile returns to the Saturday Mail.
P. 7: When Mr. Howe disappeared for 17 years, by Peter Jackson: Saturday short story.
P. 8: Through the Window—A Did It Happen? story by Kenneth Pearson.
P. 11: Peace and Pantry: The words which will influence the forthcoming General Election, by Derek Marks.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Consoling Results Of Atomic Test

Las Vegas, May 6.

Civilian populations can easily be protected in case of an atomic attack, according to first results obtained from the test atomic explosion inside "Survival City" in the Nevada desert yesterday.

The atomic blast was withstood by cement houses slightly more than half a mile from the tower where the explosion equalled to from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of TNT—occurred. One-storey houses also stood up well.

The explosion was made to test the results of an atomic attack against "Survival City", a special "guinea pig" village, constructed by the Atomic Energy Commission for the occasion.

Two of four houses placed about a mile from the town were totally destroyed. One of the destroyed houses was of wood and the other of brick, like most of the houses in the United States.

It has been estimated that all the occupants of these two houses would have been killed. The occupants of the cement houses, however, if they took cover in the cellar or lay down along the walls—would have had a chance of surviving.

Cellar shelters seemed particularly resistant to the explosion. Further results will not be known until after the examination of pictures taken by special automatic cameras.—France-Press.

Collision Kills 7

Rabat, May 6. Seven Moroccan, four of them women, died in a truck collision on the Melmes-Rabat road last night, the Police reported.

Nine persons were injured in the crash between a truck and a trailer truck.—United Press.

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At 11.30 a.m.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW

Alan Ladd in "DESERT LEGION"
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Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

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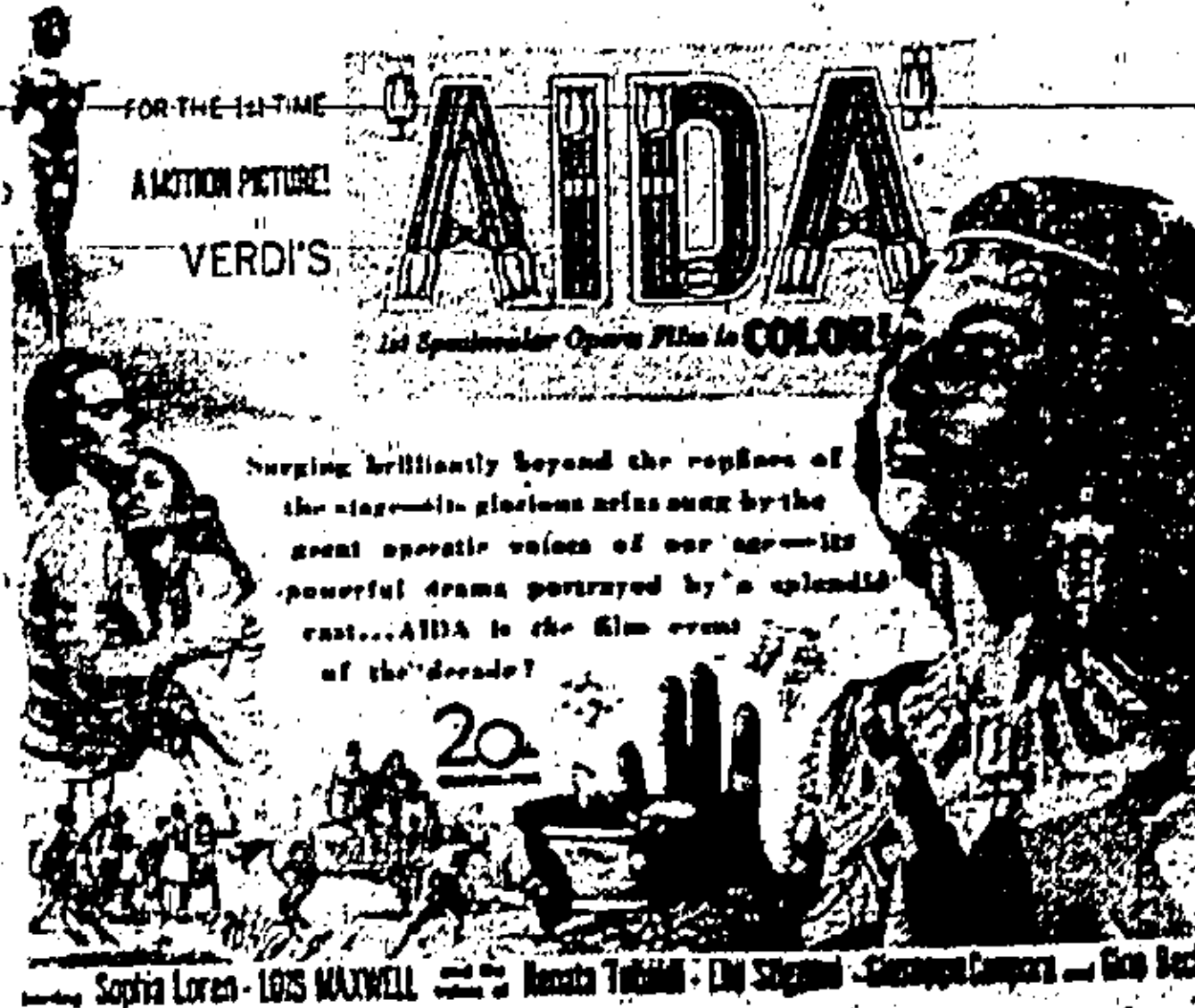
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EXTRA SHOWSAt 11.00 a.m. Warner Bros. present
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At Reduced Prices
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FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Rough Riding
On The River**The New Films At A Glance**
SHOWING

EMPIRE: "The Nebraskan". A western. Phil Carey and Roberta Haynes.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Smoke Signal". A western in which the hero faces a court martial for deserting to the Indians. Dana Andrews and Piper Laurie.
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Green Fire". A search for emeralds in South America is hindered by the stonemason of a coffee plantation. Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly and Paul Douglas.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Man Between". Intrigue on the frontier between East and West Berlin. James Mason, Claire Bloom, Hildegard Neff.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Tight Spot". A gangster story. Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson and Brian Keith.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Aida". Verdi's music, the voices of well-known opera singers on the sound track and the faces of film personalities on the screen. Sophia Loren and Lois Maxwell, with the voices of Renata Tebaldi and Ebe Stignani.

COMING

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Belles of St. Trinian's". Adult girls-on in a Girls' School. Alastair Sim and George Cole. "Abbott and Costello Meet the Keystone Cops". The famous comedy team become film stars.
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Deep In My Heart". A life of Sigmund Romberg with many well-known MGM stars making brief appearances. Jose Ferrer and Merle Oberon.
NEW YORK: "The Tishfield Thunderbolt". An English village runs its own train service. Stanley Holloway, John Gregson and Naughton Wayne.
GREAT WORLD: "It Started in Paradise". A designing woman discovers that something beside ambition is required to run a fashion house successfully. Jane Hilton, Ian Hunter and Muriel Pavlow.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Golden Mistress". Adventure story set in Haiti. John Agar and Rosemarie DeWitt.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Detective". Father Brown proves that his methods of detection are better than those of the Police. Alec Guinness, Peter Finch and Joan Greenwood.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "Violent Saturday". The moral is that crime doesn't pay. Richard Egan, Victor Mature and Sylvia Sydney.

The Headmistress
Alastair Sim

American, the jokes are characteristic of this comedy team and you are well prepared for every new gag before it appears. In spite of all this it contrives to be funny.

Opera On The Screen

Lovers of opera need not fear that they will be disappointed by the film version of "Aida" now showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

After all, they are in the habit of paying much more than three dollars to see a performance with far less beautiful principals than Sophia Loren and Lois Maxwell and hear much less accomplished singers than Renata Tebaldi and Ebe Stignani, whose voices are dubbed into the sound track.

The sets, though not as lavish as some of the million dollar productions we are treated to, are way beyond what is possible on a stage, and Verdi's lovely music has been faithfully reproduced.

The same reassurance cannot, it is said to say, be extended to the general film-going public. Yes, it has pleasing colouring, yes, it has two most attractive leading ladies but what it lacks is the warmth and reality of the film technique.

When we see an opera performed on the stage, the stylised gestures, theatrical acting and often physically unattractive forms and features of the artists seem unimportant beside the beauty of the music and the electric feeling generated solely by a live show.

We go to the cinema for a totally different form of entertainment. We don't expect or desire reality most of the time, but we do like the illusion of it. We don't expect the hero of the modern melodrama to be the dramatic at the door and declaim sternly to the cringing

lovely, "Go, and never enter this house again." "Sweet cut" may be just as hammy, but at least it could be said by a modern man without danger of a giggle from the rejected maiden.

The former is what we get from this production of "Aida" and while the power of the story and the drama of the music prevented me from giggling, I should have welcomed less fuss and more feeling.

Now don't jump to the conclusion that I'm advocating the "Carmen Jones" treatment for all operas; but surely the schoolish dancing could have been pepped up a bit and the chorus have been taught to behave more like actors and less like dressed up singers.

In one scene I caught one looking out of the corner of her eye, smiling she was a level with her next door neighbour and doing a double shuffle to get back into position!

Much has been written of the new Italian hope, Sophia Loren — the threat to the reigning Lollobrigida. In "Aida" it's impossible to tell whether or not she has star quality. She has the profile of a lovely face on a coin, she has the typical Italian film star's figure, but she moves through the picture in a trance and it will take me, at least, another film to decide whether she ranks with the pin-ups or the players.

Children Might Explain

Another misunderstood redskin nearly bites the dust in "The Nebraskan". The prey of his brother Sioux and of the U.S. Cavalry as well, "Wingfoot" has to go through quite a lot before Army Scout Phil Carey is able to prove his innocence to the satisfaction of everyone.

There's a girl somewhere about too as you can guess. She's a dance hall hostess, the Mecca of all but the most ugly females in the old west, it

seems) and is played by Roberta Haynes.
In addition, there's a gambler, a stagecoach, a Lovable Old Character (Wallace Ford) and loads of Indians. Take your children, with you—they'll be able to explain to you the bits you can't understand.

Alec Guinness At His Best

As Alec Guinness in "The Detective" will probably only be appearing at the Queen's and Alhambra for a few days, I would advise you not to wait too long before going to see him.

As the Father Brown of G. K. Chesterton's famous detective stories he is at his most delightful—in fact I don't think I have ever seen him in a screen role I liked so much. Everything about him twinkles with kindness—not of the slushy, over-sweet variety, but the kindness that runs at times be ruthless and apparently unfeeling in order to achieve the maximum good.

His quarry in "The Detective" is not so much the person of the notorious picture thief, but his soul, and he goes after Peter Finch with a single-minded tenacity that finally subdues him and delivers him into the soothing arms of Joan Greenwood.

Both Peter Finch and Joan Greenwood behave with a quiet elegance that nevertheless manages to suggest hidden fires—a fascinating pair to watch in anything they attempt. They are both actors whose presence in a picture is quite enough recommendation at any time.

For good measure there is also Cecil Parker as a high dignitary of the Church (I've forgotten his rank) shaking his head over his irrepressible Father Brown, whose piety is not to be questioned, but whose knowledge of the world is to be deplored.

"Smoke Signal" is one of these pictures you think you know all about before you go to, and discover before the end that although it has the usual ingredients, a better than usual western caserole has resulted.

I'd compare it favourably with many of the efforts the horse and gun school has given us—it's no "Shane" or "Ox-Bow Incident", but there's point to the story, the actors seem each to have read the whole script instead of his or her part plus the cue lines immediately preceding, and the river that snags hungrily at the small party who entrust their lives to it seems to be the ever-present menace the story writer meant it to be.

Dana Andrews is a cavalry officer, being taken down the treacherous Colorado River to stand trial for deserting to the Ute Indians. These same Ute Indians, far from being grateful for his championship, harry the small group all the way; they never came close enough to be seen, but arrogantly indicate their presence by smoke signals, pot shots at the boats on the river and torturing and killing any straggler rash enough to detach himself from the main party.

The daughter of the dead Commandant of the post Andrews has deserted is feminine, conservative, passionately devoted to the truth, (and, let's whisper it, in spite of her prettiness, verges on the blue-stocking), plus being engaged to another cavalry officer. This doesn't stop her from being interested in the prisoner. Feeling is strained by the fact that it is the prisoner's advice, based on his knowledge of the Indians, that must often be taken by his captors. When they disregard it, there are fatal results.

I've said some sharp things about Piper Laurie in the past but she seems to have been coaxed quite efficiently for this part and makes the Army daughter a believable person whose counterpart you might recognise.

Emeralds And Coffee

Through a series of unavoidable mishaps I was not able to see "Green Fire" before this column went to press.

For your guidance, the story concerns an adventurer and his partner—Stewart Granger and Paul Douglas—whose search for an emerald mine in South America involves the destruction, by direct and indirect methods, of a coffee plantation owned by Grace Kelly.

The accent appears to be on action rather than acting, but the three main actors can usually be relied on to give an interesting performance, so the picture should be worth seeing.

Magic Spells And Angry Natives

"The Golden Mistress" was filmed entirely in Haiti, which, quite apart from the story, holds an interest in itself.

The plot is what you might expect from this island so closely connected with Voodoo—a search for golden idols, combined with magic spells and tricks through the jungle.

The hero is John Agar and the heroine Rosemarie Bowe, whose main claim to fame is that she has been a "Life" magazine cover girl.

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ALL STAR CAST

Directed by Yau Ke

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AT REDUCED-ADMISSION PRICES

"THE LEMON DROP KID"

Starring: BOB HOPE — PARAMOUNT FILM

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Plans To Solve Future Traffic Problems

'Trams Should Go Underground' Say Zurich Experts

Zurich.

Six thick volumes packed with figures, drawings, maps and other data giving the solution to Zurich's future traffic problems are now being closely studied by town officials.

The information and recommendations contained in these books result from an extensive three-year study made on the spot by two groups of top-notch experts from Switzerland and Germany.

While differing in many details, both groups do agree that motor traffic should not be banned from the shop and office crowded centre of Switzerland's largest city, with a population of 420,000 (metropolitan area 500,000).

Departing from solutions found for other big towns all over the world, both groups are also against abolishing the use of streetcars considered by them to be a first rate mass transportation facility.

Not only should streetcars remain in circulation, they say, but means should be found to increase their frequency in order to cope with the expected larger flow of passengers.

Normal Increase

This larger flow of passengers travelling to and from the centre of the town, in the opinion of the experts, is partly due to the normal increase in population and partly to longer distances between offices and homes created by new suburbs in the outskirts.

Trams however have to vanish from the already overcrowded streets, and should be confined to specially constructed tunnels below the main roads, thus helping to ease the problems on the surface.

Replacing trams by buses or trolley-buses, say the experts, is possible but not advisable, as it would only create additional traffic jams.

Even an underground railway to service the centre of the town would not be a recommended solution, due to the distance between the stations that could only be overcome by additional buses.

'Traffic Hub'

The group under Professor Kurt Leibbrand of Zurich and Dr. Philipp Kremer from Hannover, Germany, wants to make the Zurich main station the hub of this city's future traffic.

Two rapid underground railway lines crossing beneath the station building, should provide the "traffic hub" with a fast connection to the distant suburbs. The station roof should also be put in use by turning it into parking lots, a bus terminal and a heliport.

The present traffic centre of Zurich, the Bellevue Square, needs complete remodelling, say

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"What does 'joint income return' mean on this form? Say, are you supposed to pay me for washing, ironing and darning?"

HIS GADGETS HELPED POWs TO ESCAPE

Now He's After More Clever Ideas

London

Prospective enemies of Great Britain will be sorry to hear that Major Clayton Hutton is still around. He's still thinking up clever ideas to help prisoners of war escape.

At the moment, Major Hutton is writing a book. It will be called "The Hidden Catch" and will contain as much as security allows him to say about the do-it-yourself schemes he invented for British and American prisoners of war during World War II.

"Do you realise that the 230,000 men who were captured at Dunkirk had never been trained in ways to escape?" asked the Major. "We had to train Royal Air Force crews so that if any of them were shot down they could teach the others."

Major Hutton, a spare, nervous man who was a movie press agent before the war, beat a path between Army intelligence and private industry to get his escape gadgets into production.

"I had all the razor blades sold in Britain magnetised," he recalled. "You could tie one to a string and it would point North. So every man who chafed had a compass."

Fountain-pen Gun

He also cornered the market in gramophone needles. Thousands were smuggled into France to be used as ammunition for a fountain-pen gun. "A German would be walking with a fountain pen in his pocket," he said. "Then we spread a rumour that the needles were tipped with poison."

Ladies: Your Mirror May Not Be Telling The Truth!

New York.

When we look into mirrors what we see is not always a true reflection, and science now can give you an idea of how this works in girls.

When girls look into mirrors, they are likely to see narrower waists and shoulders, shorter noses, slimmer calves and ankles, and smaller feet than are actually being reflected in the glass.

But they're inclined to "eye-measure" their busts on the bigger side. According to Sidney M. Jourard and Paul F. Second of Emory University, this is because girls subconsciously think in terms of "the ideal female figure."

"They pick up these ideal measurements here and there, from other girls who are conspicuously successful with males and most important, from 'Hollywood stars and beauty queens.' Then, when they look into their mirrors, they'll see themselves, if it is at all possible, as they'd like to be rather than as they are."

The scientists tried out their theories on 60 college girls at Emory. They used questionnaires; also, in their words, "secret rulers, tape measures, callipers, and scales for direct measurement."

Body-Cathexis

However, the measuring was done by Miss Fairlie Brown, a student whose assistance Jourard and Second gratefully acknowledged in their report to a technical journal of the American Psychological Association.

The ramifications were somewhat complex. When we look into the mirror, our attitude toward what we see is body-cathexis. If we are delighted by what we see, then we score quite high on the body-cathexis scale — and if we shudder at it, we score very low.

The Emory girls were asked to give their reactions to their own height, weight, nose length, and the circumference of their busts, waists, calves, and ankles. They could put down that they had felt one of the following: "strong positive feeling, positive feeling, slight positive feeling, no feeling one way or the other, slight negative feeling, negative feeling, strong negative feeling."

All the results turned up the existence of an "ideal female figure" shared by most if not all. It showed that those girls who could, saw themselves as the ideal, more or less. It showed that those who couldn't kid

His New Fan Has Paper Blades!

New York.

Dr. Peter Schlumbohm has produced a new invention — an electric fan with paper blades.

Dr. Schlumbohm, German-born physicist, chemist, and inventor, has designed more than 1,000 gadgets, ranging from a refrigerated truck to a cork eyeshade, but he thinks the fan may be his masterpiece.

It is safe enough for any child to stick his fingers in, and the blades may be replaced when dirty.

The blades consist of five circular pieces of porous plastic paper, separated by small round pieces of cork and bolted to the motor in the centre.

When idle, the blades are draped over the motor like a lampshade hanging limply over its base. But with a flick of the switch, the paper becomes rigid, and the fan begins to spin.

Coffee Maker

The inventor's most famous product is a coffee maker with an hour-glass shape and paper filter. He has also designed an oval-shaped car with the motor under the passenger compartment, air conditioning and room for cooking equipment.

"I am attempting to visualise a passenger car as if I had never seen one," he said.

Dr. Schlumbohm's favourite gadget is his fan, however; he thinks it is the most revolutionary. There are models ranging from 10 to 30 inches in diameter. Some spin horizontally and some vertically. One model can be plugged into a cigarette lighter in a car to cool it in a hot day.

"It doesn't use any more electricity than the 'beachlights' he said. However, who has one has written me a love letter," United Press.

More Dogs Than People In This Town

Berke.

The town of Georgetown, in Berke, has a peculiar distinction: it has more dogs than people.

The human population is 1,200 while the canine number over 2,000. The reason is that 200 licensed dog breeders operate in the town, raising hunting dogs.

Last year sales totalled more than \$200,000.

Among the breeders were the Owens and the Dicks of Edinburg, who bought a pair of long-haired "chickens" (German Shepherds) for \$1,000 each and \$1,000 for the same.

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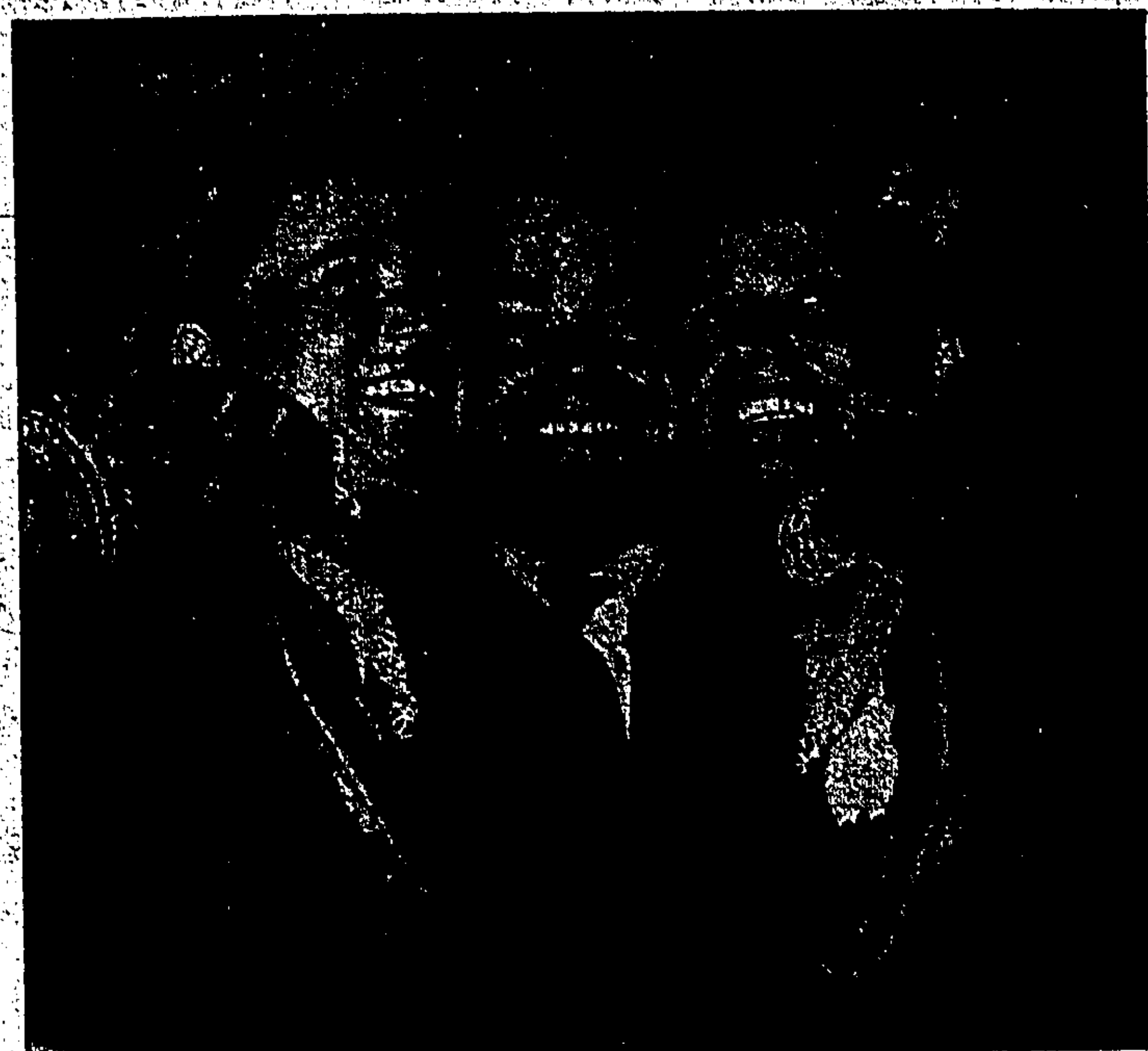
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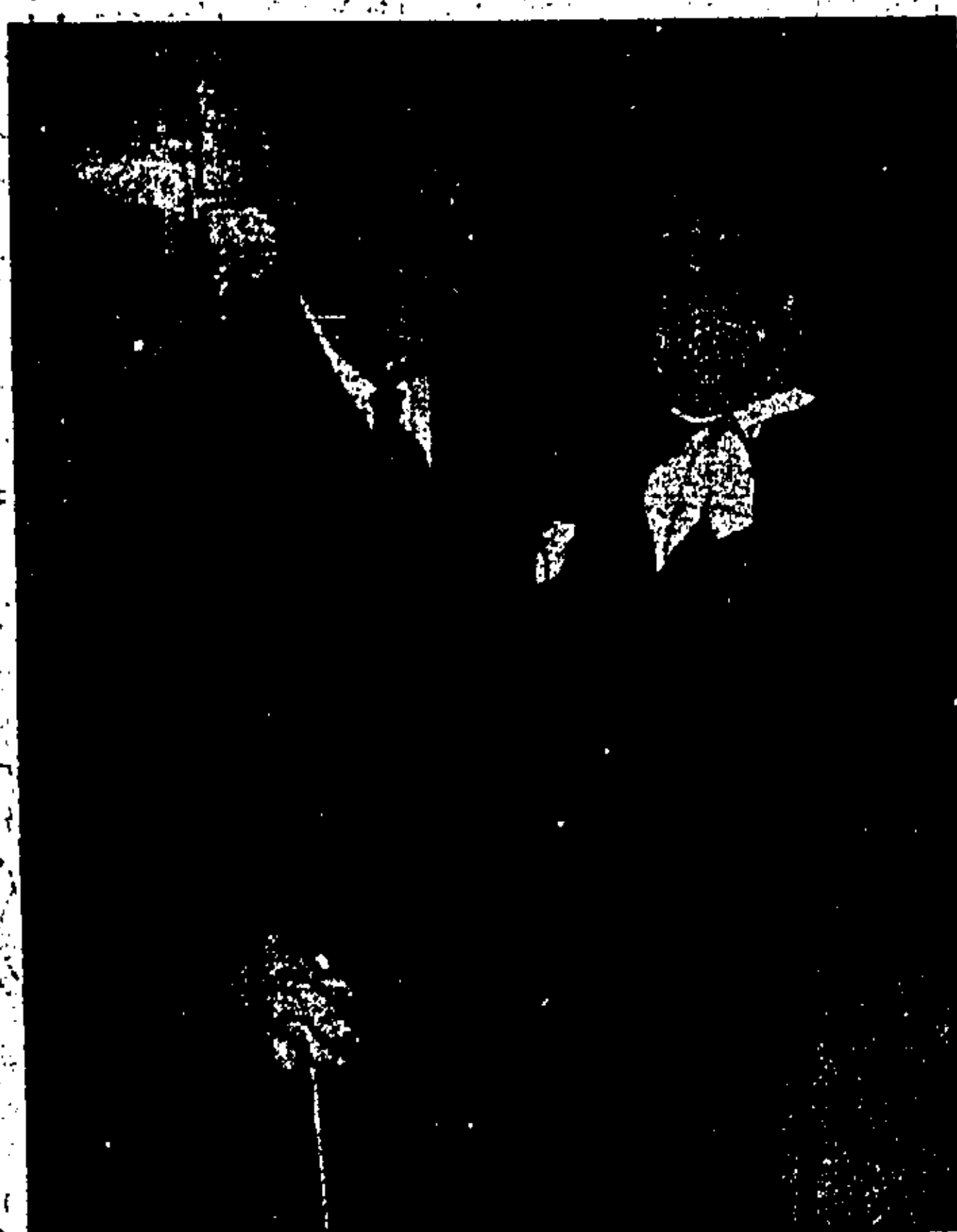
HOMESIDE NEWS PICTORIAL



GARY COOPER enjoying a spot of London's spring sunshine. None of the nearby crowd seemed to recognise him. But that didn't worry the film star, who was just after some relaxation. (Express)



AGAINST the background of Windsor Castle, Her Majesty the Queen reviewed Scouts in the Castle grounds last week. She was accompanied by Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout. An invalid Scout shyly turns his head away as the Queen has a word with him. (Express)



SALVADOR DALI, the surrealist painter, and his wife pictured on their arrival in London from Paris to start work on a portrait of Sir Laurence Olivier in the costume he is to wear in "Richard III," his next film. (Express)



NENKO NENKOV, the Bulgarian dancer who left his company in England to seek political asylum and then, a week later, returned to his troupe, seen with two girls of the company. Why did Nenkov change his mind? He explained: "I have a wife and child in Bulgaria." And he added: "I changed my mind because there is no place like home." (Express)

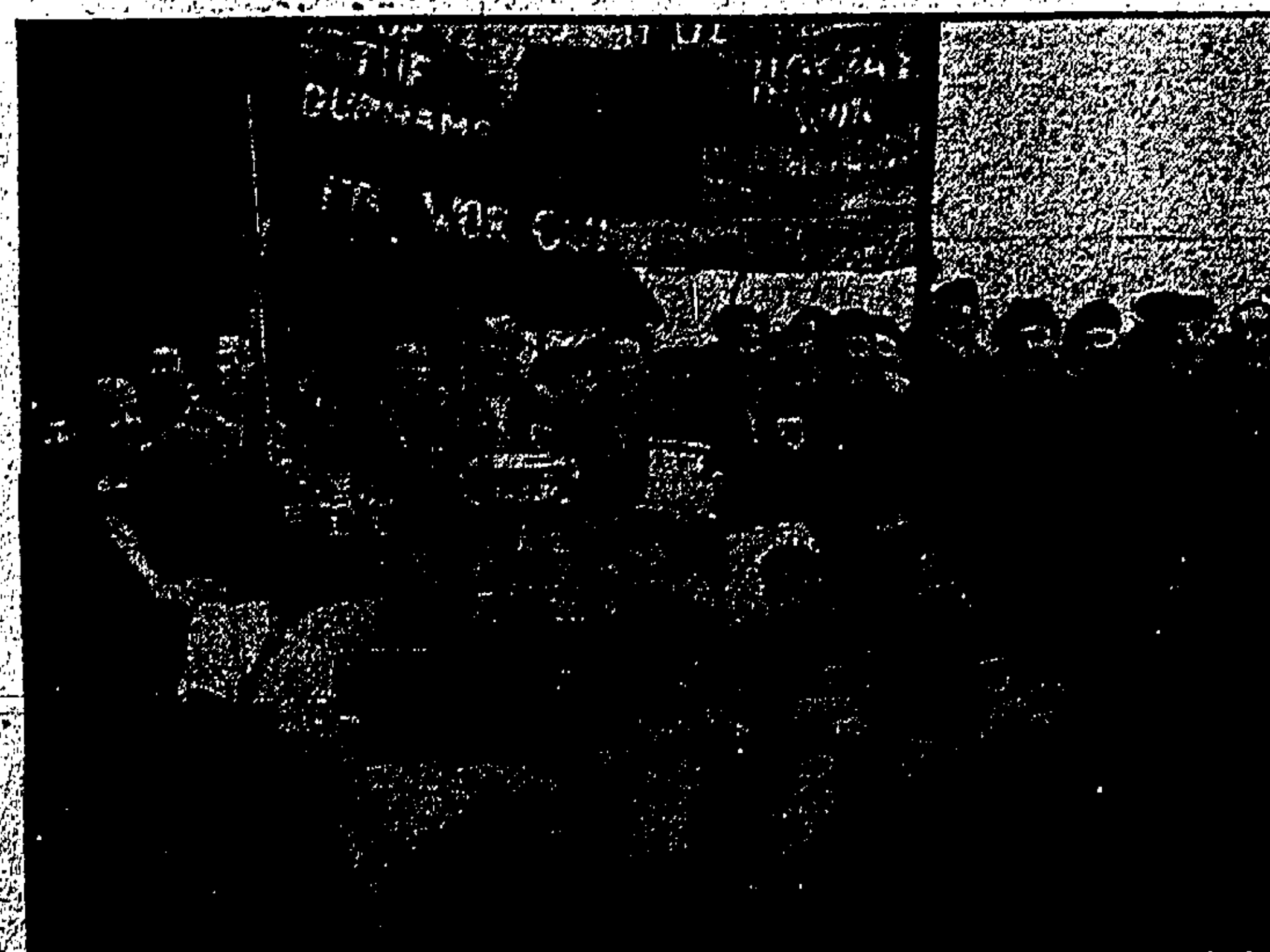


RIGHT: Geoffrey Banks, winner of a £750 prize in the Dally Express Young Artists' Exhibition. He is seen here with his winning picture, "Departure for Cythera." (Express)



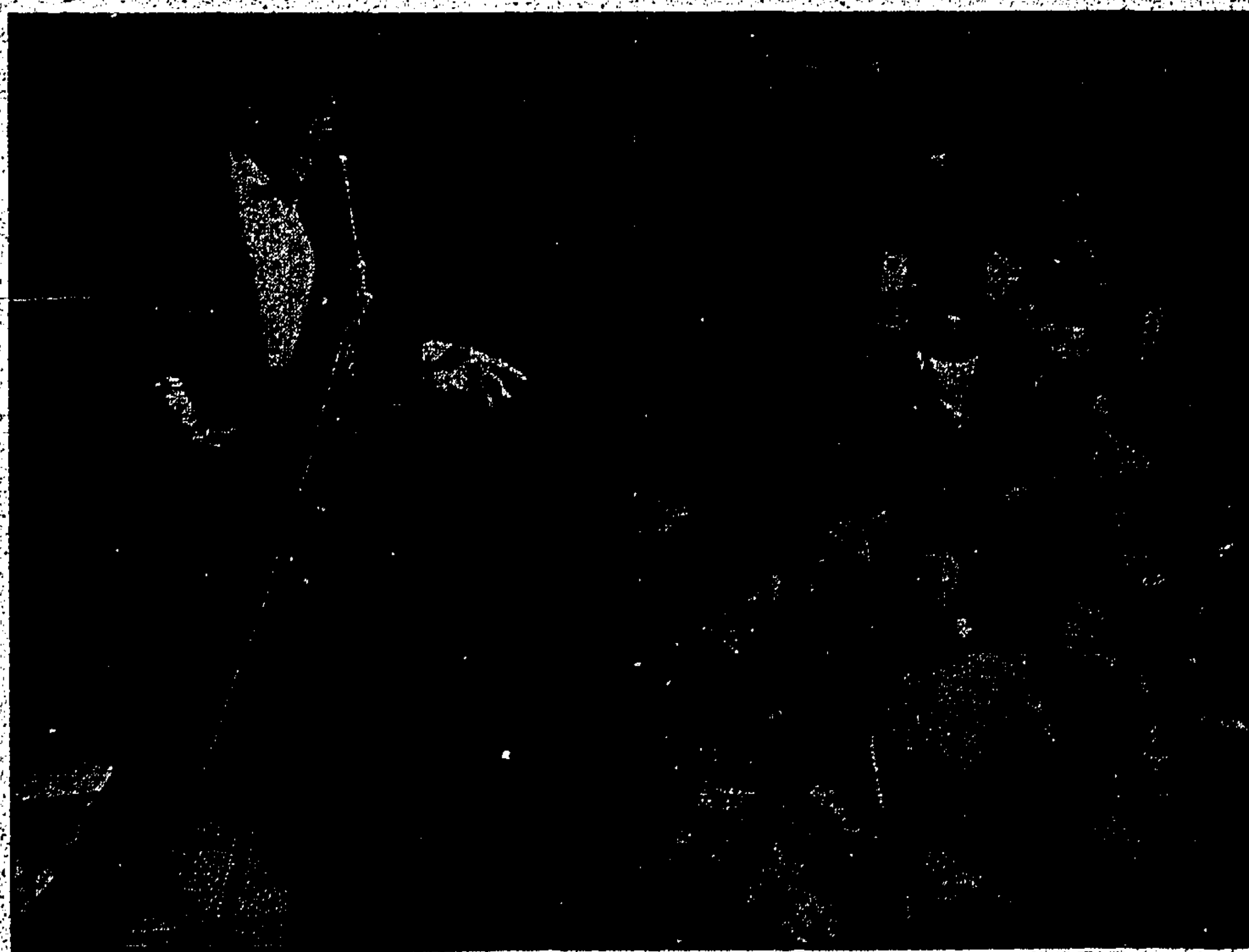
MR. Gavin Welby, Tory candidate at Goole, Yorkshire, in the forthcoming election, and his bride, Miss Jane Portal, who was private secretary to Sir Winston Churchill. She left his service the day he resigned the Premiership. (Express)

BELOW: The 2nd Battalion, Durham Light Infantry, defeated the RAPC Training Centre team at Aldershot to win the Army soccer cup for 1954-55. The winners and some of their supporters. (Army News)

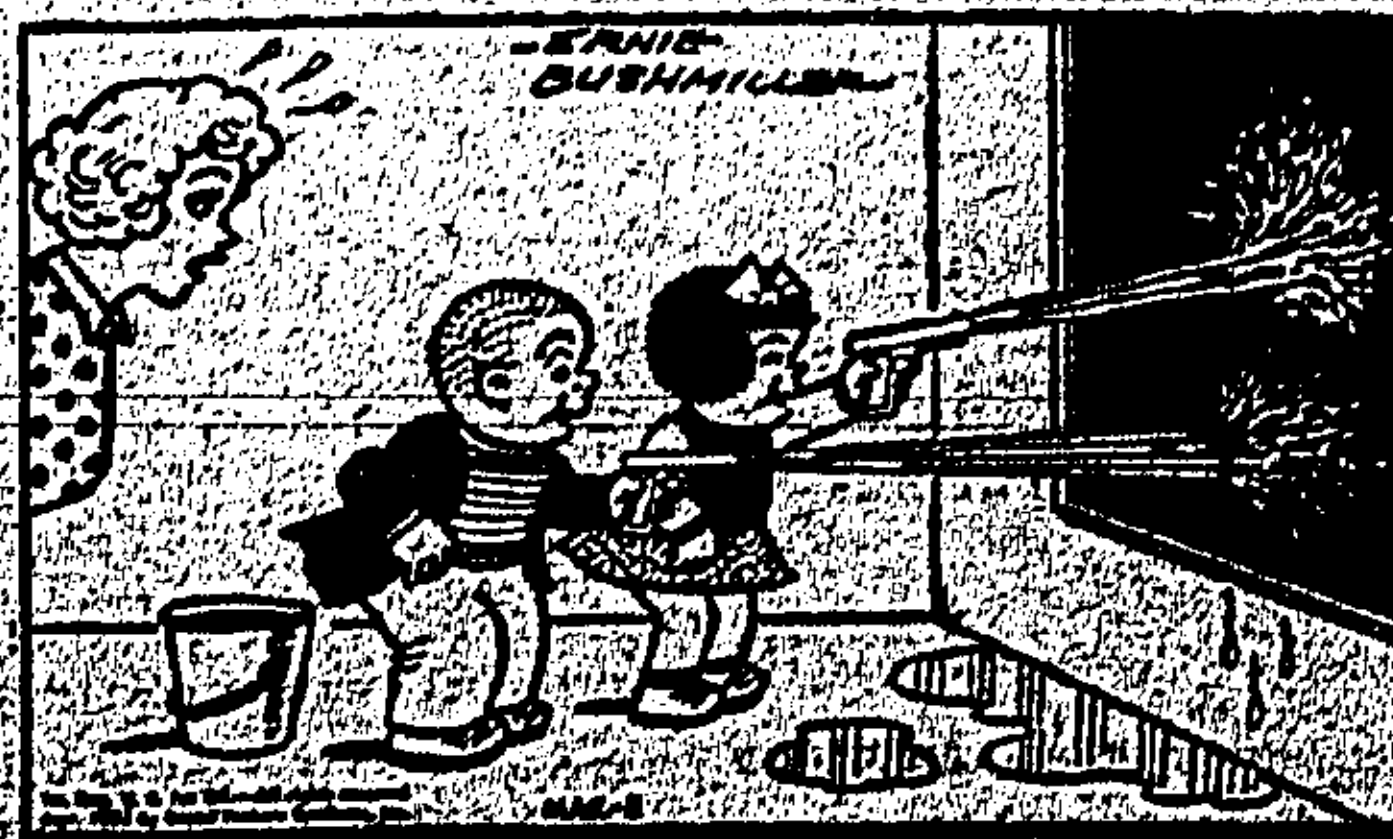


A scene from the production of "Twelfth Night" at the 96th Shakespeare Memorial Festival at Stratford. Sir Andrew Aguecheek (left) is played by Michael Denison; Fabian is taken by Lee Montague, and Viola is played by Vivien Leigh, here dressed as a boy in the fight scene. (Express)

RIGHT: Johnny "Cry" Ray, the American singer who is 53 percent deaf, scored a tremendous success on the first night of his second season at the London Palladium. He wore a hearing aid on the stage, and he sang his songs in a bath of tortured emotion. The first nighters screamed and cried with him. The adjoining picture shows his fans waiting for their hero outside the stage door, their expressions ranging from ecstasy to anguish. (Express)



NANCY



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

BOOKS... 75 MILES OF THEM

By J. W. TAYLOR

THE recent stir caused by the discovery that a rare volume was missing from the British Museum's library is hardly surprising since every day over 800 readers use this world's best known and finest collection of books—75 miles of them.

This formidable literary storehouse is a veritable book-lovers' paradise. Six million volumes bulge the shelves, which snake out in an unceasing struggle for space at the annual rate of 1½ miles to house a flow of 250,000 additional volumes.

Books on every conceivable subject, from the shelves, ranging from Lord Nelson's log book to Richard Spier's congratulatory oration to Queen Elizabeth at Sandwich in 1573. One volume stands six feet high alongside a one-inch square midget. The book of your choice is bound to be there. Says one Principal Librarian: "It is a place where anyone who wants any book on any subject in any language and who has failed to get it elsewhere can be sure to find it."

Some of the library users are stranger than the fiction in it. Types like the seedy scholar looking up research for some author, or hot-eyed revolutionaries devotedly compiling enormous projects that will never see a printing press, all pass through the British Museum Reading Room every day.

THE ECCENTRICS

Usually the eccentrics who gather there are hardly noticed by the staff. One fellow, however, did rather upset the scholarly calm of the place. He was a dress reformer, who would order all the available books on nudism. After a day's intensive study, he would march out of the Reading Room and throw off his macintosh, which was his only garment. This eccentricity in the raw, as it were, really did cause a few raised eyebrows. It was only after threatening to deprive him of his reader's ticket that the dress reformer ceased his exhibitions.

This apart, the British Museum Reading Room staff handle all types and a variety of requests with scholarly efficiency. They rarely fail to rise to any occasion, and they often recall the breathless young man who asked for portraits of Aristotle, Plato and Democritus. After scanning them intently he returned them to the librarian, saying: "I dare say you want to know why I wanted to see the portraits of those three men? Well, I dined with them last night."

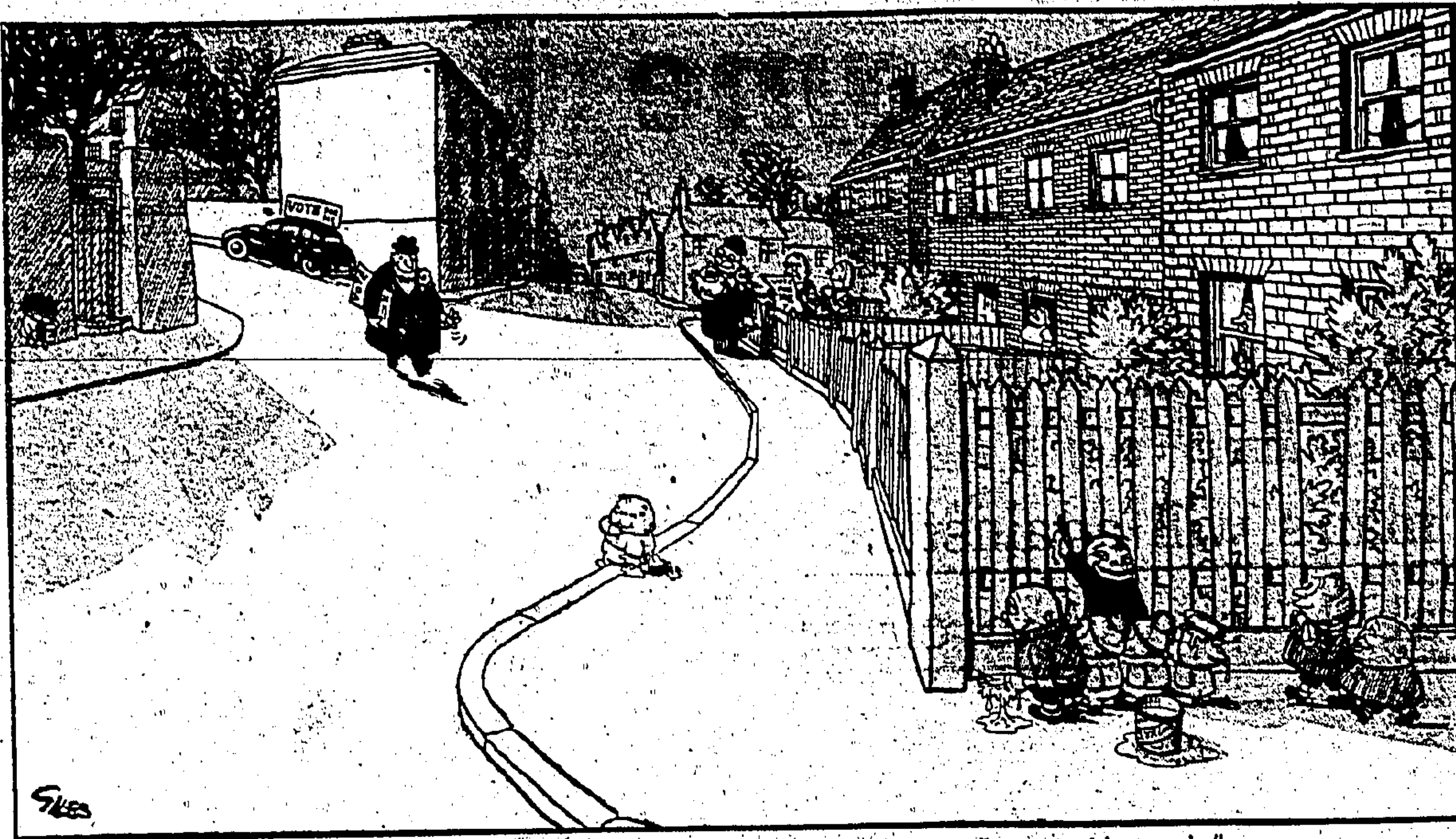
KARL MARX

Many a famed world personality has found something on the shelves there to help make his mark on the world, widen his knowledge or spark his imagination. It was there that Karl Marx's treatise on "Das Kapital," the Bible of Communism, was compiled from lengthy researches.

Using the assumed name of Richter, Lenin visited the library daily over a long period. He hardly spoke to anyone, but always had a friendly smile for the staff.

Samuel Butler read there three days a week from 1877 to his death in 1902. He always started off by borrowing one particular book, which he later explained was just the right size on which to rest his writing pad. George Bernard Shaw educated himself there in five years of assiduous, hard reading.

Although books occasionally disappear, the British Museum has a very good record for guarding its vast collection of volumes and most of the valuable items missing in the past few years have been recovered.



"Watch this M.P. pick my brother up—we've painted him all over with treacle."

I HAVE TO 'NAG' HIM—FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

MY LIFE with the AGA KHAN

By THE BEGUM
AGA KHAN

(In an interview with Joe Hollander.)



The Aga Khan and the Begum

Cannes. IN a luxurious, sun-washed Riviera villa, I have been talking to one of the world's most fabulous women—the Begum Aga Khan.

A month ago her horse, Military Court, won the Lincoln—first big event of Britain's flat racing season.

The Begum was delighted when she heard the news, for Military Court had been publicly tipped by her husband, the Aga Khan.

The Begum nearly covered the cost of Military Court when it won the Lincoln. She bought the horse for "about £3,000" as a yearling. And the "Lincoln" prize money is £2,748.

DREAM HOME

As I chatted to the tall, beautiful and supremely elegant Begum, she told me what it is like to be the wife of one of the richest men.

"Like any other husband, the Aga Khan needs looking after," said the Begum, who is the third European wife of 78-year-old Sultan Mohammed Aga Khan.

"Although not a difficult man, my husband likes an active life and cannot easily reconcile himself to slowing down for a while after his recent illnesses. So I have always to remind him to take things easier, to be careful of his health, to wear an overcoat when it is chilly—in short, to nag him for his own good, just like millions of other wives the world over."

As we chatted, I gazed out across the terrace. Far below us lay Cannes with its villas, its luxury hotels, and the sweeping crescent of the palm-bordered shore fringed with golden sands.

"Yakmour is my dream home come true," said the Begum. And indeed, this pleasant, cream-coloured villa with the gay, scarlet sun-blinds, set among cypress and orange-trees, was planned and built entirely according to her ideas.

Yakmour! An exotic, Oriental-sounding name, but actually only a combination of the Begum's own initials, Yvette Aga Khan, plus part of the word *amour*. The "Y" in the middle was inserted to make

the name flow more easily off the tongue.

When I asked the Begum to describe a typical day at Yakmour, she replied: "No day is ever really typical here. There are always lots of visitors on social or official calls and my duties as a hostess keep me busy."

"There is generally a small party for lunch; one day it might be Mr. Somerset Maugham or the Marchioness of Milford Haven, or other friends and neighbours, on the Côte d'Azur. Or important guests from Pakistan or East Africa."

DUKE'S VISIT

"Sometimes there are extra special V.I.P.s like the Duke of Edinburgh, who lunched and dined with us."

"Then, there are problems arising each day from the heavy mail which arrives both for the Aga Khan and myself. My husband always discusses these with me, and I am able to relieve him of much of the burden of his correspondence."

"Many Israeli women often write to me asking for advice on women's social work, about choosing good schools for their daughters and, often, on personal problems. When it is known that His Highness is ill, important official letters are often addressed to me."

However, busy her day may be the Begum always adheres to two details of her routine—a light breakfast of orange juice or coffee and a twice daily swim in her own pool, once before lunch and again just before bedtime. The pool is flooded and heated during the winter evenings which, even on the Riviera, can sometimes be chilly.

The Aga Khan's sons by his previous marriages, Prince Aly Khan and the young Prince Sanjivan, do not live at Yakmour. Aly has his own fabulous Chateau de l'Horizon, on nearby Golfe Juan, while Sanjivan is still at Harvard University. Both are frequent visitors to Yakmour whenever they are staying on the Riviera. Exceptionally tall for a Frenchwoman, the Princess Aga

Khan keeps to no special diet in order to retain her elegant slimmness. In fact, meals at Yakmour are the highlights of the day. The Aga Khan is a gourmet—gastronomy is one of his hobbies—and it is he who discusses the day's menus with the chef.

But choosing the wines which accompany the meals is the Begum's special province. She personally supervises the stocking of the wine-cellar.

After lunch on fine days she usually takes the Aga Khan for a drive in her 33 h.p. Cadillac convertible, with herself at the wheel.

In his work on behalf of the Israeli community, of which he is hereditary reigning prince and religious leader, the Aga Khan has no stauncher supporter than his wife.

OWN PLAN

She is particularly interested in promoting the welfare of the Israeli women and in liberating them from age-old Oriental prejudice and restrictions.

The Begum loves the theatre, the ballet, music, architecture, painting and sculpture.

This winter, in Assuan during my husband's convalescence, I started to paint," she told me. "I was inspired by Sir Winston Churchill's book, 'Painting as a Pastime,' and it has taught me a great deal."

The house and magnificent gardens of Yakmour were planned by the Begum herself. "It was a tedious job before the house was built, 17 years ago," she said. Today it is a beautiful, exotic garden, a combination of features of horticultural and botanical art taken from Persia, Arabia and Provence.

The Princess's love of light, gay and colour is reflected in the interior of the villa, where the rooms are airy, with bright, warm-tinted walls and glass-enclosed sun-lounges, all designed to bring the gardens and out-of-doors right into the house.

Yet in her clothes the Begum's tastes are for quiet, restrained tones.

LOVES HORSES

Although she occasionally visits the salons of Dior, Balmain and the other great Parisian designers, her favourite is Madame Gres, for she feels that, despite the fame of the great male couturiers, women dressmakers are better than men for understanding a woman's basic fashion instincts.

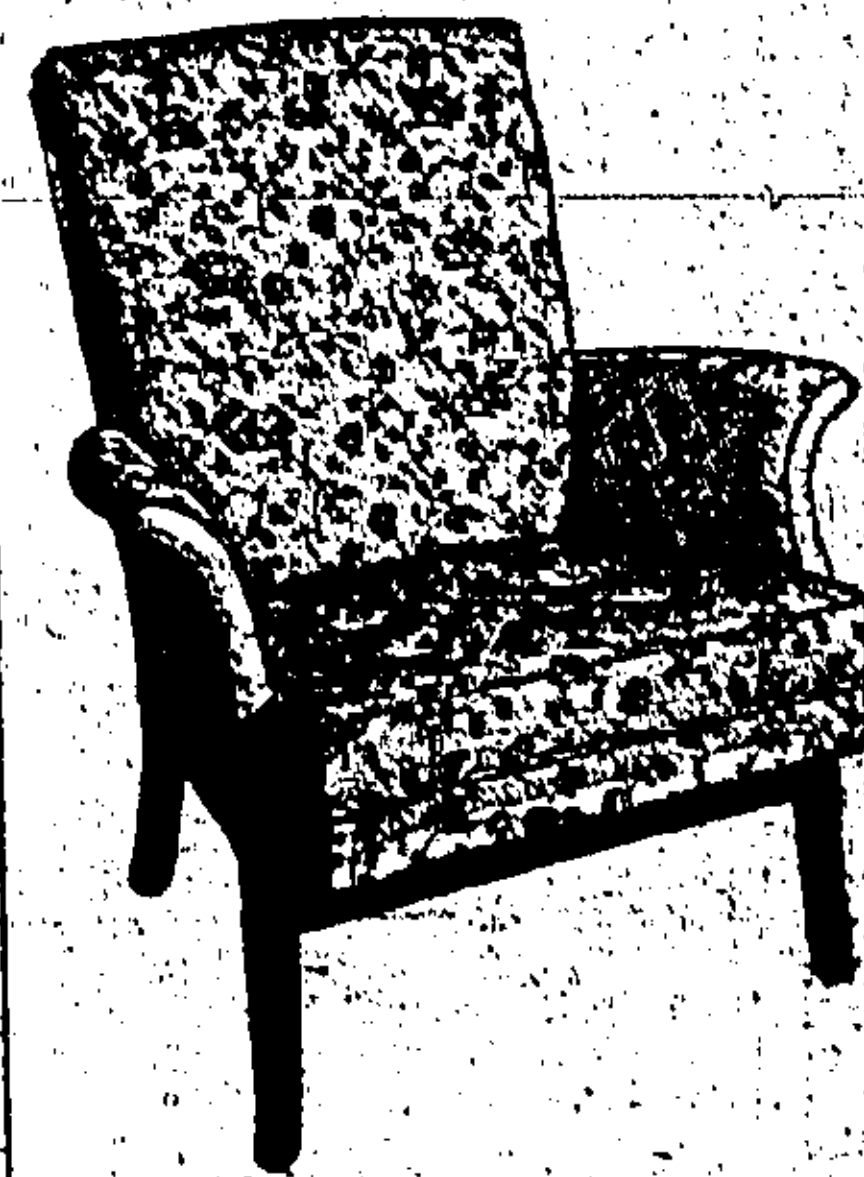
But of all her varied interests, animals probably take first place in her life. She loves horses and is a racehorse owner in her own right, with 15 horses in training, at Harry Wragg's Newmarket stables.

And, of course, there are her pets at Yakmour—Mithou, Mazboub and Simba. Mithou (the name is Hindustani for something "Sweet") is a grey and red Congo parrot.

Her Golden Cocker spaniel is called "Mazboub," an Arabic word meaning "Perfect." And Simba ("Lion"), the handsome grey Persian cat, was bought in London as a kitten by the Begum and accompanies her on most of her travels.

AFTER A HARD DAY —
RELAX IN A

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Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time. It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time. (The original owner of Professor Capri's watch can be inspected at the Rolex office, 15 rue de Marigny, Geneva.)

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JUMP (and run, dive, swim) TO IT, FROGS



You can be in the big money

From DONALD WISE

Johannesburg. WHO can beat Leaping Lena, the lady of Durban, who can jump 32ft?

Only the toly waiting to be picked up if you can—£300 in prize money.

The only snag: You've got to be a frog.

And not one of those British Rana temporaria either. Against the green croakers from the

Coccos Islands and the heavyweights from the U.S. and Australia, you haven't a load's chance.

What's all this about? Well, the World Frog Olympics are starting at Margate, 30 miles from Durban on May 21.

There'll be high and long jumps (free style) and diving, and 120, 240, and 360 (inches), that is, land dashes.

The entry list (is a frog) is now open. Already 600 are lining up. Natal's police are

entering a team. BOAC pilots are combining the 58 countries the airline touches for champions.

Brightest hop (sorry, hope) is the aforementioned Lena, who will be out to beat her record of 32ft 3ins in three bounds.

Though, mind you, some say Lena has been put out of her area by the recent decision of a herpetologist (one who studies reptiles) that "she" is a "he."

It costs about 20s. to send three frogs to South Africa by

air. Add another 5s. a month's stabling fees per head. That 5s. guarantees them a damp bed plenty of jumping practice, and a strictly training diet of garden insects.

And there are no immigration problems unless the frogs come from a foot-and-mouth disease area.

So, for less than £23, three frogs could pick up £300 in prizes. Something to croak about, eh?

But first, catch your frog.

The sergeant came to PANIC ISLAND

CORNELIUS BARRACKS was beginning to look like a gipsy encampment. On the concrete floors of the huts men who had spent the night in Batavia slept off fitfully.

Oddments of clothes and food littered the floors. Half-empty bottles of Dutch gin mingled with the clutter of bottles. Empty beer bottles lay on the parade-ground like a challenge.

These and other sights met the morning gaze of Sergeant Percival Tottle, RAFVR, as he paced the camp.

Sergeant Tottle, equipment assistant and former pilot in the Civil Air Guard, had arrived in Java the day before in the troopship Dunera.

Ever since the ship had left the Clyde, 18 weeks earlier, the news from the Far East had grown steadily worse. With Malaya almost over-run, Singapore untenable, and Sumatra already chaotic, rumours had it that the British and Dutch armies and air forces were to regroup on Java and start a counter-offensive against the Japanese.

When Tottle saw in the distance of the crowded quayside of Batavia littered with troops, guns, transport and stores, he wondered whether the rumours might not have some substance. Then, as the ship drew nearer and he saw the quayside for what it was—an indiscriminate hotch-potch of shipping and a wilderness of dumped vehicles—he became sceptical.

Anger... shame

HIS doubts increased as the larger passenger liner which had come straight from Singapore. The docks were lined with women and children. It seemed to Tottle that without exception they were crying. Anger and shame and a sense of his own impotence welled up within him. There was no sign of recovery here. The very air was charged with the voltage of panic.

On the quayside, unkempt, bedraggled men of indeterminate Service were being disgorged by other ships.

Tottle got into one of the trucks with some men from Singapore. After driving for three-quarters of an hour through open country they

turned off the road into a camp: Cornelius Barracks, in all its disorder.

On either side of the main approach was a line of low, flat administrative offices. Straight ahead stretched the parade-ground, a tarmac repository of heat. Bordered the square on three sides stood some 30 to 40 rectangular brick huts.

Slowly the men digested their new situation. There was nothing organised for them, no camp permanent staff, no one giving orders. They would have to fend for themselves.

The men felt thirsty, but there was no water. They felt hungry, but there was no food; no sign even of a cook-house.

Most of the men who had arrived before Tottle were a remnant of the Force that was to have held the so-called Gibraltar of the Far East; their bodies were exhausted and their minds bludgeoned by defeat, decimated by enemy action their ranks had been further thinned by malaria, dysentery and jaundice. Utterly demoralised by the swiftness of events in Malaya, they now found themselves leaderless and disorganised, separated from their kit, immobilised and undisciplined and deserted. They had broken up into little groups and dumped what personal treasure they still clung to in the huts.

And so Tottle found himself the only N.C.O. in a camp of weeks, perhaps months. They

which seemed rushing towards dissolution and anarchy.

Tottle was a big man in every way. A fraction under six feet tall, broad-shouldered and big boned, he had spent most of his 37 years in Plymouth, Devon. The spectacle of the demoralised camp struck at something that was a part of his life and being. But what could he do?

An attempt at enforcing discipline by one N.C.O., without orders from above, without support from below, would surely be met by ridicule. Yet he knew where his duty lay.

They were a polyglot lot. Most of them were airmen, but there were 40 to 50 Army men and a sprinkling of seamen. Tottle saw it this way. If there was any hope of a stand being made in Java, this reservoir of men must be kept together.

If it was a question of evacuation, the authorities would consider a disciplined force of more than 200 men where they might repudiate a remnant of 20 or 30 plus scores of undisciplined stragglers, difficult to round up.

The first thing to do was to call a parade and explain to the men what he intended to do and what he expected of them. He sensed that most of them had been free from routine Service discipline for many weeks, perhaps months. They

were desperate men. They might quite possibly knife him. He thought there was a very good chance that they would.

He needed an ally. If he had the support of one man—one of them, as well as the handful of men from his ship—he might at least make the others think. He chose a leading seaman.

Tottle went round the huts side of the camp and the leading seaman went round on the other. They announced that the whole camp would parade on the parade-ground at four o'clock sharp. No one would be excused.

The announcement was greeted with oaths and ribaldry and calcais. No one stirred.

At one minute to four Tottle strode towards the square.

His step gained in firmness as he braced himself for the part he had to play. Men started to pour from the huts nearest the parade-ground. Tottle, a magnificent, purposeful figure, among an aimless mob, reached the square and drew a great breath into his lungs.

"On parade!" The men formed up grudgingly, resentfully, some throwing obscene remarks and some obscene gestures. But they formed up. Two hundred and twenty-two men in all.

Now to address them. "As the senior rank present in the camp, it's my duty to assume command. I'm doing that for the common good. I want to get out of here the same as you do."

"The first thing I want clearly understood is that if I'm going to run this camp, I'm going to have discipline. I'm going to have three parades a day. I'm going to have guards posted on the gate. I'm going to detail working-parties for everything that's wanted. If anybody doesn't like the idea of that, they'd better get out now."

"And I mean now. This'll be their last chance. Anyone who stays and doesn't toe the line after this will go to the guard room."

"Like hell he will." "What guard room?"

Now—food

"I'll make a guard room." No one moved. Tottle waited until the general muttering died down and then he continued: "Tomorrow morning I shall go into Batavia. I shall buy what food and stores we need under local purchase. He had no notion of how he was going to achieve this but he knew it must be done."

"I shall try to make contact with the nearest headquarters on your behalf. I shall try to get you away from here."

"And another thing. As long as I'm running this camp, you'll keep it clean."

"What with?" "If necessary on your hands and knees. I shall inspect each hut daily. And you'll keep yourselves clean too."

"There's a ditch that. Each hut will report at the ditch as detailed, the first hut at 0700, the second at 0730, and so on throughout the morning. Each man will have an oil-can full of water. There's only one can, so you'll take it in turns."

"How about soap?" "I'll get you some soap."

"There'll be three parades a day, 0630, 1200 and 1800. Every

man not detailed for a working-party or picket will attend.

"There'll be no more all-night parties in Batavia. Forty men will be allowed out each evening. That'll give you about one night out a week. You'll be back by midnight. Any questions?"

"What about some pay, Chief?"

"We'll stick with you, Chief."

"When do we eat, Chief?" They were with him.

Tottle spent the rest of the day repairing an old bicycle he had found in the administrative block. Next morning he cycled into Batavia.

He began with the more prosperous-looking shops in the main street.

By the end of the morning he had signed chits for bread, rice, tea, tinned milk, fruit, jam, eggs, vegetables, charcoal for cooking, and various other items such as cutlery, disinfectant, and Glauco's salt. He cycled back to the camp, and then marched a working-party into the town to collect the goods.

When they saw that Tottle was getting results, the men in the camp thawed out towards him still further. At the six o'clock parade that night Tottle found that he still had 222 men.

He's out

ON the eighth morning in Batavia Tottle was astonished to see an R.A.F. van parked in the main street, with a warrant officer sitting in the front cabin. He hurried across to the van.

"Where the hell are you from?" The warrant officer seemed not in the least surprised to see Tottle, and spoke phlegmatically, "I'm opening up a new maintenance unit," he said.

"Maintenance unit?" Tottle thought he must be dreaming. "Where are you getting your instructions from?" "Air headquarters."

Tottle listened in a kind of daze. He could hardly credit that an R.A.F. headquarters had existed here.

Tottle found the headquarters building, and burst in unceremoniously. There were two airmen sitting in an outer office. "Is there an officer here?"

"There's a flight-lieutenant. Where's his office?" The airmen pointed over their shoulders with their thumbs. Tottle strode on and rapped on the door.

"He's out at the moment, sergeant," called one of the airmen. Tottle sat down as composedly as he could. It was two hours before the officer could see him.

"My name's Tottle, sir," he began. "I've got 222 men at Cornelius Barracks. I'd like to hand them over to some responsible authority."

"I can't do anything for you. I've got thousands and thousands to see to. You'll have to fend for yourselves."

"Fend for ourselves? We've been doing that for eight days. I'm not going back there unless I've got rations and bedding for those men, or a promise to get them transferred somewhere else right away."

"You'll do what you're told. And if I have any trouble with you, I'll slap you on a charge. Do you think you're the only ones? I tell you I've

got thousands of officers and men in the same boat."

"Then send some of the officers out to Cornelius Barracks. The men out there are nothing to do with me. I'm handing them over to you."

The flight-lieutenant's manner became threatening. "You'll do as you're told," he said.

"What about sending out some officers?" The flight-lieutenant eyed him a moment.

"Wait here," he left the room and Tottle sat down. About 20 minutes later the officer returned.

"Assume the rank of warrant officer. Carry on as best you can," he handed Tottle a warrant officer's badge, already attached to a khaki wristband. "Keep your men out of trouble and report here every day or so. We're doing what we can."

Tottle saluted and made his way back. He was bitterly disappointed with the result of his visit to Air headquarters, but at least someone knew where they were. Somehow the men would be evacuated.

The following morning there was a delivery of three days' rations, and by doing this out with the purchases he made in Batavia, Tottle contrived to make them last a week. But no equipment, bedding or clothing came.

Barefoot

WITH the idea of saving wear and tear on their shoes and socks, Tottle gave orders that the men were to go barefoot when in the huts. Nearly every boot and shoe on the camp was worn through. Tottle managed to get several large strips of cardboard from the traders in Batavia, and these were cut to size and shape of the individual shoe.

Japanese bombers were now raiding Batavia regularly, and although the camp itself was not attacked, Tottle felt more and more anxious.

Twenty-eight days after their arrival in Batavia, the

THE EXPLOITS OF THE GOLDFISH CLUB

Flight-lieutenant from H.Q. They searched building sent a message that 150 men after building, ignoring the could transfer to Llan Travallis Barracks with the idea that they might even get away to Australia. Tottle gave a lot of thought to how he would select the men who were to go and decided that the simplest and most arbitrary way would be the best. When he paraded the men, he numbered them off from 1 to 150, dismissed the rest, and marched the lucky ones to Llan Travallis Barracks.

He found the flight-sergeant in charge there boorishly resentful, but Tottle was determined to hand the men over properly. "You've got 150 disciplined men there," he said. "You'll take them over properly." He steered the flight-sergeant to the parade-ground and made him take the men over and dismiss them.

Tottle was unprepared for the men's reaction. Someone called a revolt. They were gripped by the fear that they were being abandoned, trapped. Tottle saw his toughest work still ahead of him. He paraded the men and addressed them forcibly. They simply had to hold on and not lose their heads.

For three more agonising weeks Tottle walked the tightrope of his own discipline. Their clothing wore away to rags. Still Tottle kept the routine of the camp alive. Parade three times a day. Washing by huts in the morning. Working-parties to collect food and keep the camp clean. The inevitable guard on the main gate.

It was the 48th day, and he still had 72 men. In the morning a message came from A.H.Q. He was to report there at once. This was it.

The flight-lieutenant gave Tottle instructions for the evacuation of the last of his men, but asked him to get volunteers to stay behind and destroy valuable equipment. "Detail them if necessary. All right!"

"I'm not detailing anybody, sir. If I can get one volunteer, I'll stay with him. But I'm not detailing anyone."

The flight-lieutenant didn't argue. Tottle went back to the camp with a heavy heart. He paraded the men for the last time. He told them that they were being evacuated. Then he asked for volunteers.

"Volunteers are wanted to stay behind for demolition work," he said. "They may not get away." He was passing the onus of decision to them.

"I'm not persuading anyone. It's up to you. All I'll say is this. If anyone will stay, I'll stay with him."

There was no movement at first, and then two Australian seamen stepped forward together.

There was no further movement among the men, and Tottle dismissed them quickly, vaguely embarrassed. Half an hour later he had formed them up again and was marching them to the rendezvous. When they were safely on their way south, Tottle turned slowly back to the camp. He found the two Australians waiting for him.

Neither Mitchell nor the other occupants of the plane survived the crash. Tottle was taken from the plane to a Chinese river-boat called the Wai Sui, which took him to Bombay. He returned to England in January 1954, but he never regained the use of his legs and still has to use forearm crutches. Tottle is now on the Plymouth district staff of the South-Western Electricity Board.

[These extracts are from "Down in the Drain," published by Chatto and Windus.]

by RALPH BARKER

The inferno

DIRECTLY above him he saw the blazing Dornier, and then another parachute opened out and he knew that Mitchell too had escaped. Then the flying-boat became an inferno as it plunged downwards to the sea.

Many hours later he opened his eyes to find a native felucca overshadowing him. Strong hands lifted him up, and he felt himself laid gently in the bottom of the boat.

POSTSCRIPT

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The bomb

AT 130 next morning the men drove out of Cornelius Barracks and into Batavia. They spent a depressing two hours at the docks, finding hardly anything left to destroy.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

A Visitor Is Expected

By CLIFFORD WEST

AS we entered the drawing-room, Travers hurried forward.

"Good-evening, Inspector," he said nervously to my companion. "I'm so glad you've come. My wife and I were afraid that..."

"Speak for yourself, Henry," interrupted the tall, stern-looking woman at the ornate marble fireplace. "I'm not in the least afraid. I think this whole business is being grossly exaggerated."

"I must disagree with you there, Mrs Travers," objected Inspector Forbes. "This man's escape constitutes a serious threat to your life and is not a matter to be treated lightly."

Mrs Travers shrugged. "As you please, Inspector. And this gentleman..."

"Dr Merton is the superintendent of the institution," explained Forbes, "and is here to help in the search."

I BOWED to the lady, and Forbes, after consulting his notebook, continued. "The man got away just after five o'clock this afternoon, which means he has had approximately two hours in which to make his way here..."

"Unhindered?" flashed Mrs Travers.

"Every available policeman in the county is looking for him, madam," replied the inspector, patiently. "But so far he has evaded capture. It is essential, therefore, that you should remain under constant surveillance until he is caught."

"It will be most inconvenient, Inspector," protested Mrs Travers.

"But better than being dead," rejoined that officer, drily.

Travers shuddered visibly. "Do you really think he's in the district, Inspector?"

It was to the wife that Forbes addressed his reply.

"A truck driver reported having given a lift to a stranger, and we can't afford to ignore the possibility that it may have been our man."

Mrs Travers looked out of the window into the dark autumn evening. "So he may be... quite near, then?"

"Yes, Mrs Travers," I said. "He may at this very moment be near the house."

TRIVERS gave a little whimpering sound and opened his mouth to speak, but his wife silenced him with a glance.

"Don't let the doctor frighten you, Henry," she said, contemptuously. "Nevertheless, she went to the window and pulled the heavy curtains across. Then, coming back to the fireplace, she spoke to the Inspector.

"I am to understand, then, that a homicidal maniac has been permitted to escape from a public institution, and to travel about quite freely, making what plans he pleases to commit murder?"

Forbes sighed almost imperceptibly. "I appreciate your concern, Mrs Travers, and can only repeat that we are doing everything in our power to apprehend him."

"I'm sure you are," answered Mrs Travers, coldly. "But it says little for the efficiency of our police force that he is still at large, and even less—she transferred her steady gaze to me—"for the competence of those in charge of our mental hospitals that he was allowed to escape at all."

I could not help feeling a reluctant admiration for this woman, who gave all her attention to criticising the authorities, while having, apparently, no qualms for her own safety. I did not, however, let the stir pass unchallenged.

"Escapes from our institutions are very rare, madam," I returned, stiffly. "Indeed, the mere fact of his escape provides ample evidence of the man's cunning and resource, and, therefore, of the seriousness of the present situation."

"How did he manage it?" she demanded.

"This afternoon," I explained, "he took part in an amateur dramatic performance, and after the show must have slipped out with the visitors."

"There seems to have been carousals somewhere," was Mrs Travers' acid rejoinder.

"It will be investigated on my return," I informed her. "Meanwhile, I am more anxious about your protection. The man is dangerous."

"Yes," added the Inspector. "I discussed the case with Dr Merton on his arrival, and from what he told me, together with information received on the telephone from the asylum, I'm convinced that we are dealing with a criminal who will go to any lengths to achieve his object."

"That is true," I confirmed gravely. "He is possessed of a keen, unbalanced intelligence, and is driven on by an insatiable thirst for revenge upon society, which he plans to satisfy by killing me!" said our hostess.

"Precisely," I agreed, "because you have stood in his eyes, for the community that has always persecuted him ever since, as Chairman of the Juvenile Court, you sent him to a reform school..."

"But naturally I did," broke in Mrs Travers. "He had burgled shops and stolen food—not once, but several times."

MY tone became firmer. "He stole, because, after the death of his father, he and his mother were left destitute. While he was away, the mother—deprived of the little help he had been able to give her—married again. She was ill-treated by her second husband, and died..."

I paused, watching for some trace of feeling to appear on those hard features, but Mrs Travers, unmoved, waited for me to go on. "As you know, when the youth was released, he hunted down the step-father he never met and killed him. To be exact, he strangled him with a leather strap."

The silence that followed my words was broken only by the crackling of the fire.

"He was given a life sentence, and in prison, breeding over his wrongs, his already unstable mind became completely unhinged, leading to his transfer to my establishment. During the years he has been there, I have got to know him very well, and if you are to appreciate your position, Mrs Travers, you must grasp the fact that he holds you entirely responsible for his sufferings."

She considered this for a moment. "In other words, doctor, I may be murdered for administering justice?"

"Justice, Mrs Travers?" I echoed. "Was it justice to turn a hungry boy into an orphan and a criminal?"

"Do you presume to criticise me, sir?" she blazed.

OUR eyes met in sudden conflict.

"As a doctor," I answered with severity, "I know the disastrous effect your 'justice' has had on this man's life, and I feel very strongly about it."

"I had a judicial responsibility," insisted the implacable woman, "and I discharged it."

"You were in a position," I countered, "to see that both the boy and his mother got the help they so badly needed. That was your moral responsibility, and you chose to ignore it."

"How dare you?" she demanded, angrily. "I should be very glad if you..."

"Mrs Travers," intervened Inspector Forbes,—"and, you Dr Merton,—I must ask you to keep in mind the reason we are all here. It is to prevent a madman from carrying out a murderous design, and we shan't do it by losing our tempers."

He turned to the trembling Travers. "The house is being closely watched, but in case he should get through somehow and try to effect an entrance during the night, I would like to examine the doors and windows and have a word with the servants."



Certainly, Inspector. Come this way." And Travers, happy to escape, led Forbes from the room.

Mrs Travers gave me a long stare that came very near to hatred. They, turning her back on me ungraciously, she stood looking, with smouldering fury, into the fire.

"You say the man is intelligent," she flung over her shoulder. "Doesn't he, in that case, realise the consequences to himself that would follow the success of his plan? Or must I assume he will be allowed to escape from here as easily as he did from your institution?"

I smiled wryly. "No, Mrs Travers, his escape is extremely unlikely. I believe that, once his mission was accomplished, he would not count the cost to himself."

A slight tremor ran through her tall figure, the only sign of human feeling she had shown throughout the evening.

"You talk as though you regard my death as inevitable, doctor."

I SAID nothing for a moment, but casually slipping my hand into my pocket, studied her face in the gilt-framed mirror above the mantelpiece.

Then I said quietly, "It is inevitable, Mrs Travers."

She looked up at me sharply, and began to shake her head, first slowly, then more quickly.

"No," she gasped, "No... you can't be..."

She started to scream, but I was already twisting the strap around her throat.

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One Of The World's Strangest Stories

The Disappearance Of Mr Howe

By PETER JACKSON



MR HOWE should have been a happy man. He enjoyed the comfortable income of £800 a year and lived in Jernyn Street. And in the early days of Queen Anne's reign that was a substantial income and as fashionable an address as anyone could wish for.

The lady he married came of a good West Country family, was a devoted mother to their two children and proved to be a faithful wife. It appears to have been a happy family yet something was wrong.

He Vanished

The soul of Mr Howe was, for some reason we shall never know, unsatisfied by mere domestic bliss.

One morning, some eight years after his marriage, he rose a little earlier than usual, telling his wife that he had some urgent business at the Tower of London. There was nothing unusual in this and his unsuspecting wife gave him breakfast and saw him off.

She watched him walk along Jernyn Street and pause at the Haymarket to wave back to her. Then he disappeared round the corner. But for just how long he had vanished Mrs Howe could not possibly have guessed.

A few hours later as she was preparing a meal for his return she was surprised to receive a note from him explaining that he had to go immediately to Holland and would be away for about a month.

And that was the last Mrs Howe heard of her husband for 17 years.

When it became evident that Mr Howe was not returning his wife began to think that he must have fled the country to escape some large debt, and she lived in constant fear of demands from creditors.

But nothing of the kind happened, and upon examining his papers she discovered that he had settled all his bills and paid all his debts before he disappeared.

Although free from debt she found it difficult to support herself and her two children and was forced to apply for a special Act of Parliament to be passed so that she could have a weekly allowance out of her husband's estate.

In this she was successful, but fate had another blow in store for her. Both her children died. Then Mrs Howe decided to move to a smaller house and she found one to her taste in Brewer Street, where she resigned herself to a life of lonely widowhood.

She was not entirely alone, however, for she had a sister who was married to a Doctor Rose. It was when she was at dinner with them one night 17 years after her husband had vanished that a letter was delivered to her in which an anonymous writer asked her to meet him in Birdcage Walk the next evening.

Dr Rose examined the mysterious note more carefully and declared that the handwriting was that of her husband. Whereupon Mrs Howe promptly swooned—in those days the recognised procedure in such circumstances.

The following evening her friends and relations escorted Mrs Howe to Birdcage Walk and promptly at the appointed time her husband appeared.

Kissed Her

He gently kissed his wife and bowed politely to her escort. Then he took her by the arm, and they walked off chatting gaily. What they chatted about is not difficult to guess. At least, one can easily imagine Mrs Howe's side of the conversation, though in the circumstances her inevitable "Where have you been?" seems hardly adequate to cover the situation.

What Mr Howe's reply, at her time was we have no way of knowing. What could he tell her? Where had he been? He had not been to Holland or indeed out of England.

He had, in fact, been no farther than a few streets away from his wife all those 17 years of separation.

As soon as he had left her Mr Howe had disguised himself in the long black periwig of the period (he was normally a fair man and had, apparently, worn his own hair). Then he went

to live in a quiet back street in Westminster. And for 17 years he appears to have occupied his time in keeping an eye on his wife.

Every Sunday he would follow her to St James's Church, Fleet Street, and sit undisturbed, a few pews away from her. When Mrs Howe was forced to apply to Parliament for a regular allowance out of his estate he had enjoyed reading about the progress of the Bill in the various "gazettes" at his coffee-house.

At A Distance

He watched his wife's unexpected move from Jernyn Street to Brewer Street at a respectful distance and noticed that the building opposite her new house was a confectioner's shop kept by a Mr Salt. Howe made it his business to arrange an acquaintance with this Mr Salt and they soon became so intimate that he was frequently invited to dinner.

This could not have been more to Mr Howe's liking, for now, after dinner, he was able to stand at Salt's window and look directly across the street into his wife's dining-room and watch her coming and goings.

"Did Howe tell his wife all this that evening they met for the first time in 17 years? And if he did, how did he answer her inevitable 'Why?'"

He must have found some explanation to her satisfaction, for we are told that they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect harmony.

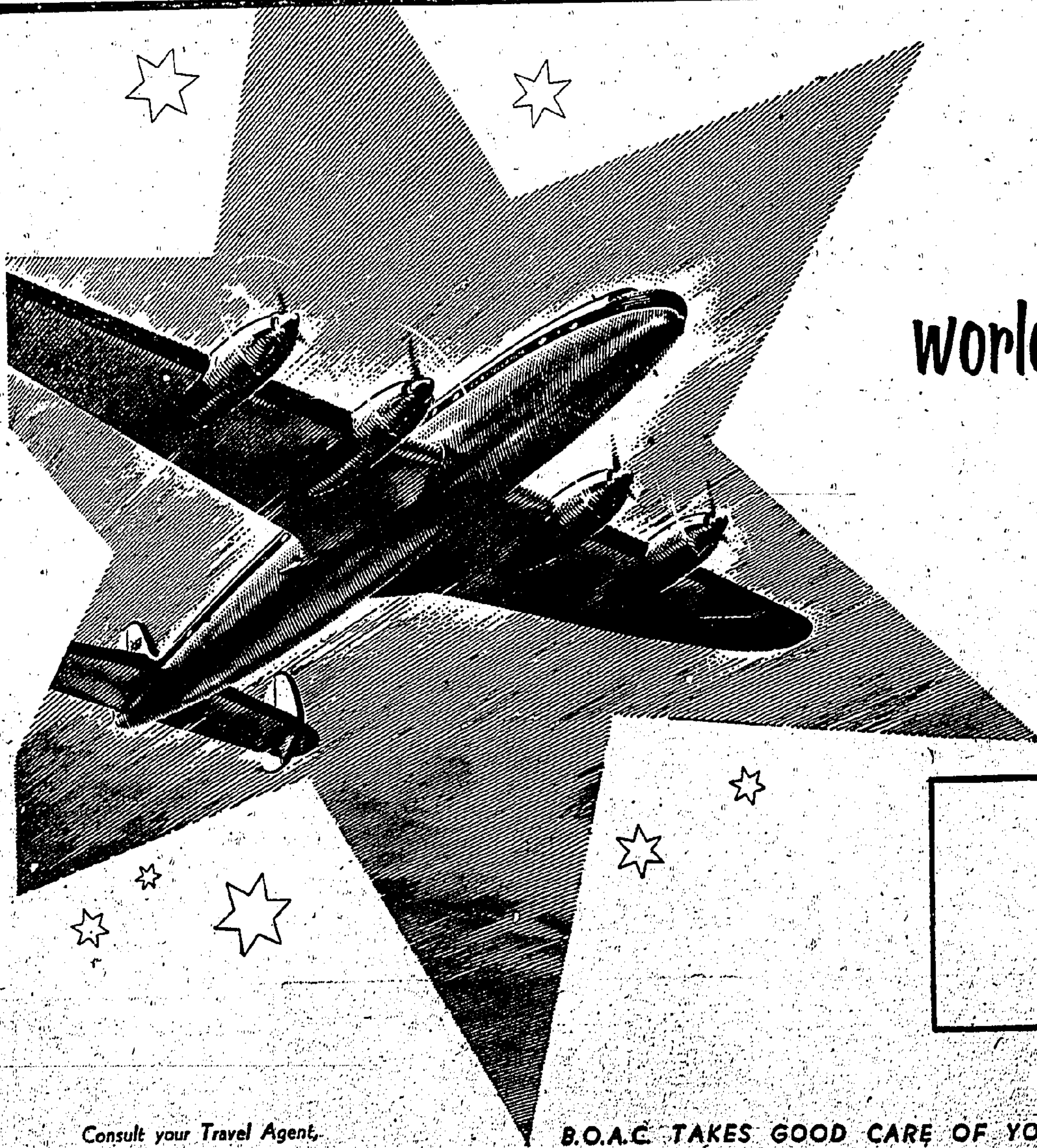
We don't know what his explanation was, for although he made no secret of his movements he never gave a reason for his extraordinary conduct.

Exacting

If he had grown tired of his "parrot wife" and wanted to get away from her for a time, why the persistent interest in her actions? Perhaps he wanted to test her fidelity, in which case to be convinced of it only after 17 years of private detective work seems a little exacting.

We will never know the answer for Dr William King, who wrote what is, so far as I can discover, the only first-hand account of the affair, is tantalisingly vague about Mr Howe's motives.

However we must be thankful to him for giving us one of London's quaintest little enigmas.



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DID IT HAPPEN?

THROUGH the WINDOW...

I WAS on the stage at the time, acting in a piece of Lonsdale at the Apollo Theatre. One night I received a note: "Must see you after the show tonight. Geoffrey. Mel-drum."

This surprised me because Geoffrey was not a close friend of mine and we had not seen much of one another since he had been successful in the city. However, I sent back a message that he could call at my flat at 11.30.

He was in a flushed and excited condition when he arrived and had obviously been drinking. After the usual interchanges he sat down and said very impressively: "Will you swear on your solemn word of honour never to breathe a syllable of what I am going to tell you to a living soul?"

I gave oath

As it was not likely that I should want to pass on Geoffrey's confidences, I gave the required oath. He then unfolded his story, which began with a declaration that he was having "an affair" with Lady L (I cannot mention the real name), the wife of a popular cabinet minister.

They had been at a dancing club one evening the previous week and he had taken her home at two in the morning. Her husband was away in Scotland, the servants were in bed, and except for a light in the hall the house was in darkness.

They went to her bedroom, the side window of which looked across a very narrow alley into the back windows of a house in Park Lane. Before switching on the light, he crossed to the side window to draw the curtain.

"I noticed a man and a woman having a fierce argument

One more in the series of fact or fiction stories by famous people. All these tales MIGHT have happened.

The problem is — can you detect which are fact and which are fiction?

couldn't lay hands on the man I saw, we'd have to appear in court."

I had no further suggestion to make and simply advised him to tell the truth, adding that his presence in a married woman's bedroom at two in the morning was a most irregular, was not a proof of illicit relationship.

"May one ask what a man is doing in a married woman's bedroom at two in the morning?"

"Looking at a picture or something."

"Oh, for God's sake, be serious!"

"What does Lady L want you to do?"

"Nothing."

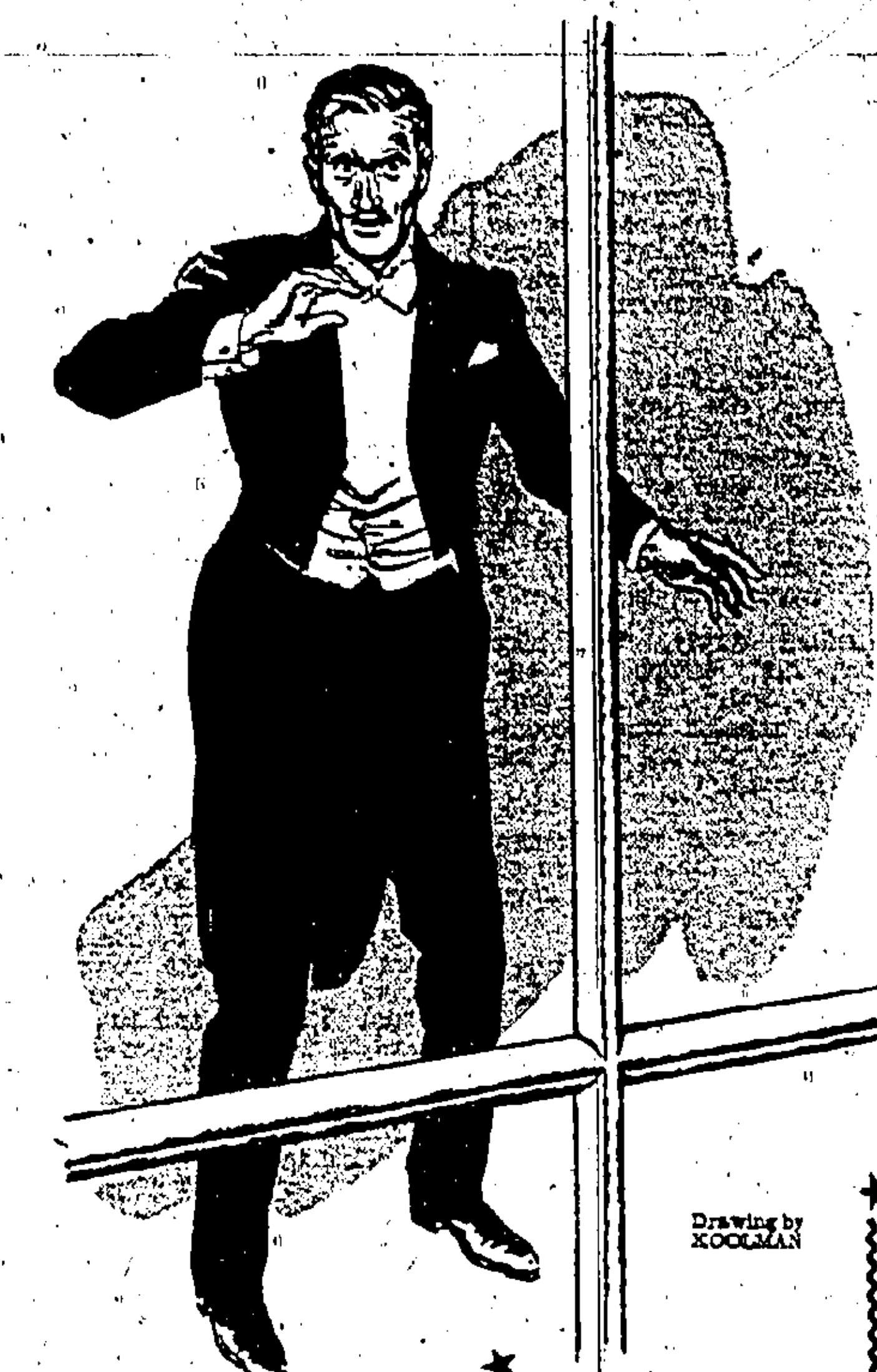
"And let an innocent man die?"

"Oh, he'll be able to prove an alibi."

"Suppose he can't? Many a man has been hanged on circumstantial evidence alone."

Geoffrey was a fellow with dozens of friends. Why had he chosen me to share his guilty conscience, I asked him.

"Well, you're a sympathetic sort of bloke and you've never



I TURNED back to the window and stared once more into the room across the way. Then, for the first time, I saw the man...

the trial, and that if the worst happened I would be compelled to make a public declaration in court.

The trial lasted three days and the evidence against the man in the dock was considerable. Had I not known he was innocent, I should have betted heavily on his guilt.

After the summing-up I was stretching my legs in the corridor outside the court when Geoffrey, hatless, wild-eyed, panting, came bounding up the stairs, caught sight of me, drove me into a corner, and gasped: "Thank God! I thought I'd be too late."

I knew!

"The jury won't be long. There's no doubt of the verdict," I said grimly.

"Listen!" he whispered fiercely. "I told you that in some vague way the man I saw in that room reminded me of someone I had seen but couldn't place. Well, that memory has been giving me sleepless nights."

One last night I didn't sleep a wink. I kept thinking, thinking, but no answer came to my eternal question. "Where on earth have I seen that fellow?" and I decided to make a last appeal to Lady L this morning.

"Bracing myself for the coming scene, I began to dress, and while standing in front of the mirror I noticed, for the first time how all I looked. Something in the expression of my face stirred a memory, and then, in a flash, I knew who had been in that room."

I begged her

He paused. "Hurry up," I said.

"Within half an hour I was at Lady L's, begging her to take me to her bedroom. Though it was awkward at that time in the morning, with all the servants about, she didn't hesitate. The moment I explained the necessity, at once the whole thing was plain."

"Oh, to hell with that! This man's life has got to be saved, and if it can't be done without breaking my word I'll break it and make the most of my dishonour."

He did not call again; so I wrote to say that I would attend

"Facing the window in the room opposite was a long mirror, which covered all the wall-space visible from where I stood. When first I had seen the two people, they were standing in such a way as to prevent me from noticing what was beyond them; but when next I looked I had seen myself, a horrified edition of myself, framed in the darkness of the room behind me, which, in the state of my emotions at the time, I had taken to be the unlighted passage down which the murder was taking place."

No doubt

"At that distance, in that light, my features transformed by fear, and convinced in my mind that it was someone else, my face had seemed but vaguely familiar. There can be no doubt about it: I am the man I saw."

As he finished speaking a Press reporter appeared running in the corridor and made for the stairs, shouting to a friend as he passed the verdict of the court: "Guilty!"

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in one of the spaces above and keep the panel by you till Monday, when the answer will be given—With another story by

CAROLA OMAN

Did yesterday's story—"Tea With Mahoud" by Anita Leslie—actually happen? The answer: YES.

OFF AFTER THE FAIRIES

By JOHN McKENNA

LONDON. There are people who regularly see fairies at the bottom of the garden—lots of them. The "fairy folk" rearrange the garden layout when they find it in bad taste, do the weeding, sit watching while humans do the work.

One young married couple have seen a ten-inch ballet-dressed fairy flying round their room like a bewildered moth.

And a soldier was afraid to enter his hut because a two-foot-high elf stood mockingly on guard outside his hut.

MacGregor doesn't really think that people see fairies in their traditional form, because they remember them from childhood picture books.

"I believe," he says, "it is more likely that the story-book descriptions were first written down by people who saw fairies in the past."

He is Alastair Albin MacGregor, journalist, one-time Socialist politician and explorer. Says MacGregor: "There are far more reliable 'flying saucer' reports than for flying saucers."

And he is to record them all in a book called "Fairy Vision."

Help points in to him from people all over Britain—from townfolk as well as country dwellers. Even from perfectly sober Servicemen and devout members of the clergy.

Statistics may soon prove that the fairy population is on the increase.

TO THE DIZZY HEIGHTS!

LEONARD MOSLEY tips a super-career for Diane Cilento... pictured today by—

PROPHETIC EYE



I AM not going to make any reservations or qualifications about it. Here goes Mosley out on a limb again.

I hereby forecast world fame, star status, and dizzy success for a beautiful young blonde named Diane Cilento.

By this time next year "she will be a name on everybody's lips and a face and figure in everybody's mind"—an international name in films and theatre, the Audrey Hepburn of 1958.

I say this after brooding pleasantly over the girl for the past seven months.

Her arrogance

Seven months ago I first saw her on the stage in London in a small, but fierce, part in that melodrama about Hollywood, "The Big Knife."

She was dominated by the male star of the show, but every time she moved her clean limbs across the stage and threw back her arrogant head, I thought:—

"That girl could keep a play or a film afloat if they gave her the right lines and situations."

Now I have seen her doing that very thing for a new British film called "PASSAGE HOME."

She is one girl in an all-male story about a voyage across the Atlantic.

I thought this Australian girl was so skilled, so seasoned, so much a mistress of her part that I found it impossible to believe she is only 21. She looks about 17 but acts like a wise and worldly woman of 40.

When her father (see the Facts Behind Fame below) was sent by Australia as a delegate to the United Nations in New York Diane got herself enrolled at drama school. In one of her first test plays she found herself in a cast which included Marlon

London. Brando and Grace Kelly, two old students back for a special appearance.

She promptly nicknamed Brando (who was in the old shirt phase of his career) "Mr. Greasy Collar"; and the lofty Kelly became "Earl Wind."

She came to England from New York and entered drama school here, and has been on her way ever since. She is enormously healthy, abounding in energy, full of independence and high spirits, bounding like a beautiful kangaroo from job to job, enjoying herself terrifically.

Her scooter

In "Passage Home" she gets rolled all over the ship in a terrific storm.

In her new film "Woman for Joe," she appears in tights, a striped bathing suit, and a white cloak.

This makes nonsense of her claim that she will never pose for pin-up pictures and she knows it.

Miss Cilento knows a lot of things in fact. She is shrewd, she is beautiful, she is talented—and she knows how to get herself talked about. (By riding around town on a motor-scooter, for example, in tight-fitting jeans.)

Watch for her. She will soon be a star.

BIGGEST CLAIM IN HISTORY

From Gordon White

Wellington, N.Z.

WHEN a dark-skinned adventurer called Kupe stepped into a canoe on some Pacific island 1,400 years ago and paddled southward to New Zealand, he did not know what he was starting.

He did not know, for instance, that his trip would long after start one of the biggest property claims known to history. Bigger than anything the Communists have ever tried.

Kupe's canoe ground ashore in New Zealand about the year 550. Eight hundred years later, many more followed in a greater migration—some say from Hawaii—setting out in their long outrigger canoes, guided by the stars alone, and reached New Zealand, half dead, after one of the greatest navigating feats in history.

They had paddled southward for weeks—men, women and children—the first ever to make the long voyage, following the four stars of the Southern Cross, until they saw land.

At first it looked like cloud on the horizon. And they called it "Aotearoa" (land of the long white cloud).

New Colony

There they set up their new colony, and today they number 125,000.

The first white man didn't come until 1642. He was a Dutchman called Tasman, who didn't land, but gave New Zealand its name.

In 1769 a British captain, James Cook, rediscovered New Zealand, charted and mapped it, fought with the Maoris here and there and declared it British.

Then last week in the Maori Land Court, a Maori, proudly remembering the voyage of his ancestor, Kupe, claimed the 33,000,000 square miles off the Pacific Ocean—which, he said, was really "The Sea of Kiwa"—as the property of the Maori race.

The judge nodded sternly when hearing the evidence of the claimant, brown-skinned Tamaru Pehikura, and said that though the court had very wide powers he did not think it had powers that wide—hardly wide enough even to stretch outside New Zealand's territorial waters.

I KNOW I'M OUT ON A LIMB... BUT I SAY THIS GIRL IS THE NEW AUDREY HEPBURN



THIS IS THE FACE THAT'S HEADED FOR FORTUNE. Diane in a ship-cabin scene from "Passage Home"

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD

GUESS YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, PAL! NOW HOW ABOUT FILLING ME IN ON YOURSELF?

NOT MUCH TO TELL, SNAP! MY NAME'S JOHNNY HAZARD... RIGHT NOW I'M AN UNEMPLOYED PILOT!

I'M FLAT BROKE... AND I FIGURE, FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING I'LL TAKE OFF FOR THE LOCAL AIRPORT AND SCARE UP A JOB!

SAV, COULD BE I CAN HELP! I'VE GOT A BUDDY AT GREENTOWN AIRPORT, RUNS THE LOCAL CHARTER AIR SERVICE...

UNTIL THEN YOU STAY HERE WITH ME! I'LL GIVE YOU A BLANKET AND A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD! WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Bloomer Girl—1955 Version



It's inspired by grandma's bloomer bathing suit, but is streamlined, flatter and definitely 1955. American model Brenda Parkinson above wears one of the latest bloomer playsets in pink and white pencil-striped cotton, patterned with tiny sprays of flowers. The top is strapless for sunbathing and shaped for figure control. The pretty flared bloomer-line is most flattering to the girl who is not so slim on the hips.

—(London Express Service)

THE NEW ITALIAN WAYS WITH STRAW

London. NOTHING new under the sun? Don't you believe it. For — provided there is a spot of sun this summer — Italy's top designers have produced several startlingly new things to wear under it. They showed some of them at an exhibition recently.

The exhibition was at Kingston-on-Thames near London, once just a pleasant little market town where the kings and queens of England were crowned, now a busy overgrown suburb which boasts one of the best department stores outside London.

It was like stepping into a corner of Italy: banks of flowers filling stone vases, pictures of sunlit scenery on the walls, and even a gondola—genuine Venetian, brought straight from the city of gondolas, cost price £400.

If this sort of thing is going to spread then—suburbia here I come. A trip round the exhibition was as good as an hour's window shopping in Rome or Florence.

Artistic Touch

Fashion news was in straw and in shirts. The Italians use straw artistically for everything from the trimming on a sandal to the covering for a chianti bottle and, believe it or not, for skirts. These were full, either circular or semi-circular, and woven in a



A selection of Italian ways with straw: tapered slacks in straw embroidered cotton; sandals with straw trimming; circular straw skirt woven in a shell pattern; and a roquay straw handbag with bamboo handles.

variety of intricate designs made with a variety of coloured straw. There was one, brilliant green, woven in a delicate shell pattern in a delicate shell pattern and one in patchwork squares of pink alternating with silver. Depending on the weather, Italian girls wear them with a long sleeved sweater in fine black wool, or a short sleeved cotton blouse—but beware of circular, and woven in a

Another unusual way with straw was seen on the slacks illustrated here. They introduce a new black cotton—shape-retaining as well as handsome, which has a woven design in silver coloured straw. Yellow raffia trills-work trims the pockets and yellow raffia bobbles, the ankle fastening. They are cut on the tapered lines of current fashion.

Sandals, as you see from the illustration, can be decorative as well as practical when trimmed the Italian way. They have tough leather soles and straps, are topped with white daisies or a trimming of natural coloured straw. A piece of daisyery ideal for a holiday wardrobe—but not for town, please.

Straw also made capacious handbags with bamboo handles, and colourful, realistic poses for your buttonhole or dressing-table.

Striking Shirts

Shirts were the next item to be given the Italian look. They were made in cotton so fine that it felt almost like silk. They had the authentic stiff collar and cuffs, lined with talcated canvas to hold their shape, and double-stitching on the seams. Patterns were striking—most so, a design of bridges and skylines etched in black on a blue ground—typically Italian and a good find for the convert hunter.

Not so lucky were those who looked for off-the-peg cotton dresses. The few in the exhibition were expensive by our standards. For in Italy, in France, the little dressmaker—round-the-corner, still reigns supreme and there is little demand for ready-made dresses in the shops. It is still the local dressmaker, not the big fashion concern, who popularises Dior. So Italian off-the-peg cottons could not hope to compete with our own—or would they seriously attempt it in Britain.

Eye Shadow Application

EYE shadow may be a problem to women who want to wear it but haven't found the best application method.

It's not too much of a problem these days. Shadow is a creamy cosmetic that goes on easily, making the lids attractive and calling attention to beautiful eyes.

Before using eye shadow, apply a thin cream to the lids. Friction it along the line of the lashes. They thrive on lubrication.

Dip your finger into the shadow. Start the application at the inner corner of the eyelid, spread lightly upward and outward. The colour should extend as far as the terminal of the eyebrow. As it sweeps upward the colouring should be faint.

Experiment and you will hit upon a pleasing pattern. It may be wise to buy several shadow shades. Blue is good on blondes and brunettes. The reddish will find a true green—away, as it not only attracts the complexion but accents the flaming hair.

Brown tones are the best bet for the girl with golden skin and coppery hair.

the Latest Look



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Headache

Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 1 or 2 tablets of CAFASPIN dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish.

CAFASPIN

The second of a series on how girls in different countries budget on £12 for a smart outfit

IT'S "A VERY MIXED BAG" FOR THE GIRL IN PARIS

By MARION BARWICK

Paris. BEING able to buy all your clothes in Paris, the Mecca of the fashion-conscious girl, may sound wonderful. But when you are a working-girl, like Jacqueline, who earns an average of £35 to £40 a month as a secretary, it is almost as much of an impossibility as for someone living across the Channel. Prices all round are high in Paris, and Jacqueline, living alone in a tiny flat, is often hard-pressed to make ends meet. Not that her rent is terribly high, but everything else, especially food, is incredibly expensive. Her lunch costs her anything from ten shillings for a salad snack to a pound or over for something more substantial.

And so Jacqueline has to limit herself very severely when it comes to buying new clothes. Prices are extremely high, even for the simplest things, things which may well be copied abroad and sold at a quarter of the price. "Little dressmakers round the corner are cheaper," Jacqueline told me, "but they're always very busy, and I haven't yet found one to take me on." So when she goes shopping, she has to concentrate on separates that will blend in well with her existing wardrobe. Here again, life is rather difficult for her. None of the stores cater specially for her limited budget, and she has to spend a great deal of time shopping around before she discovers what she wants at the price she can afford. In fact, it is impossible to get an outfit for £12 in Paris.

VALUABLE ASSET

Before we set out on our shopping expedition, Jacqueline said: "I can't really buy a new top-to-toe outfit. That would be far too expensive. Even a simple woollen dress would cost me at least £25 or £30. So I'll have to be things to go with my one good suit. And I'll probably turn out to be a very mixed bag!" Her suit, a well-tailored, dateless style had been made the year before, and had cost her around £25. It would be a valuable asset for years to come.

She settled on a skirt, sweater, shoes and, if possible, gloves and stockings, for her new separates. Her suit was black, and so she decided to choose gay colours to go with it. The skirt, she thought, should be a plaid with black and green in it. We finally found what she wanted in the Junior Miss Department of a big store. (With her small waist, the same skirt in the "adult" departments was far too big for her.) It was in very fine wool, pleated all round in a beautifully flat pleat that gave it a slim look and at the same time plenty of room for movement. The price: £22 10s 0d. Jacqueline was delighted, as she had expected to spend far more on this, her main item.

SHIRRY AND BLACK

Then came the question of shoes and gloves. They had to be the same colour, but what? Jacqueline decided on the "delightful new sherry shade." "It goes well with anything," she said firmly, "and makes a change from black. I think I'll get away from court shoes just this once, too. I'll have some flatter ones. They'll look equally well with my black suit and with my new skirt."

In a branch of a multiple store, we found a charming pair of what the Parisians call "mocassins." With a tiny, flat heel, in sherry suede, they had an unusual cut to the vamp which was emphasised with white saddle-stitching. "Just right for all the walking you do in Paris," said Jacqueline, smiling happily at the astonishingly low price of £8. (Court shoes would have cost her at least £24 10s 0d for a pair of average quality.)

We were left with £23 8s 0d. Out of this, we bought a pair of washable leather-cuffed gloves for 10s 0d. They were the same colour as her shoes, and really looked as much like simple woollen dress would cost me at least £25 or £30. So I'll have to be things to go with my one good suit. And I'll probably turn out to be a very mixed bag!" Her suit, a well-tailored, dateless style had been made the year before, and had cost her around £25. It would be a valuable asset for years to come.

them, Jacqueline smiled apologetically: "I'm sorry. I haven't even got enough left to buy you a coffee."

Here are the various items which Jacqueline bought and their respective costs:

Skirt	£22 10s 0d
Sweater	3 4 0
Shoes	3 0 0
Gloves	10s 0d
Hat	1 10s 0d
Stockings	18s 0d
	£212 0 0



The Parisian secretary cannot hope to buy an outfit for £12. She has to make do with accessories for a good suit.

Shared Secret

HE KNEW AT ONCE

that this was the girl he was proud to have at his side. Her charming appearance is a compliment to her escort. Her hair shines... dancing with natural highlights... because she uses "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo makes hair gleaming clean, so easy to manage. Try it for your very next hair-wash!

SHE KNEW AT ONCE

that he was the man who realized the importance of being well-groomed. His secret is simple—he massages his scalp daily with a few drops of "Vaseline" Brand Hair Tonic. This economical treatment gives his hair that bright, clean look, and keeps it neatly in place all day. For healthy handsome hair—Vaseline Hair Tonic.



Vaseline Liquid Shampoo

REVEALS THE NATURAL HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR



Vaseline Hair Tonic

KEEPS HAIR WELL-GROOMED ALL DAY

* Vaseline is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited Kowloon welfare institutions on Tuesday. He is seen above at the Precious Blood Babies' Home and the Yaumatei Boys' Club. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING of Helen Frances, daughter of Mr and Mrs F. R. Zimmern, at St John's Cathedral. With the baby are, from left: The father, The Hon. A. G. Clarke, godfather, Mrs Clarke, godmother, the mother and Mrs Marie D'Almada, godmother. (Eddie Ching)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs W. H. Kwan at the christening of their son, Kwan Ka-kin, at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. (Roy Tsang)



LEFT: Girls of the Belilos Public School entertaining visitors with dances during the School's Open Day last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of St Andrew's Church Mothers' Union and Women's Guild members taken at the monthly joint meeting held on Monday at the Vicarage, when Mrs R. O. Hall, wife of the Bishop of Hongkong, was the speaker. (Mainland)



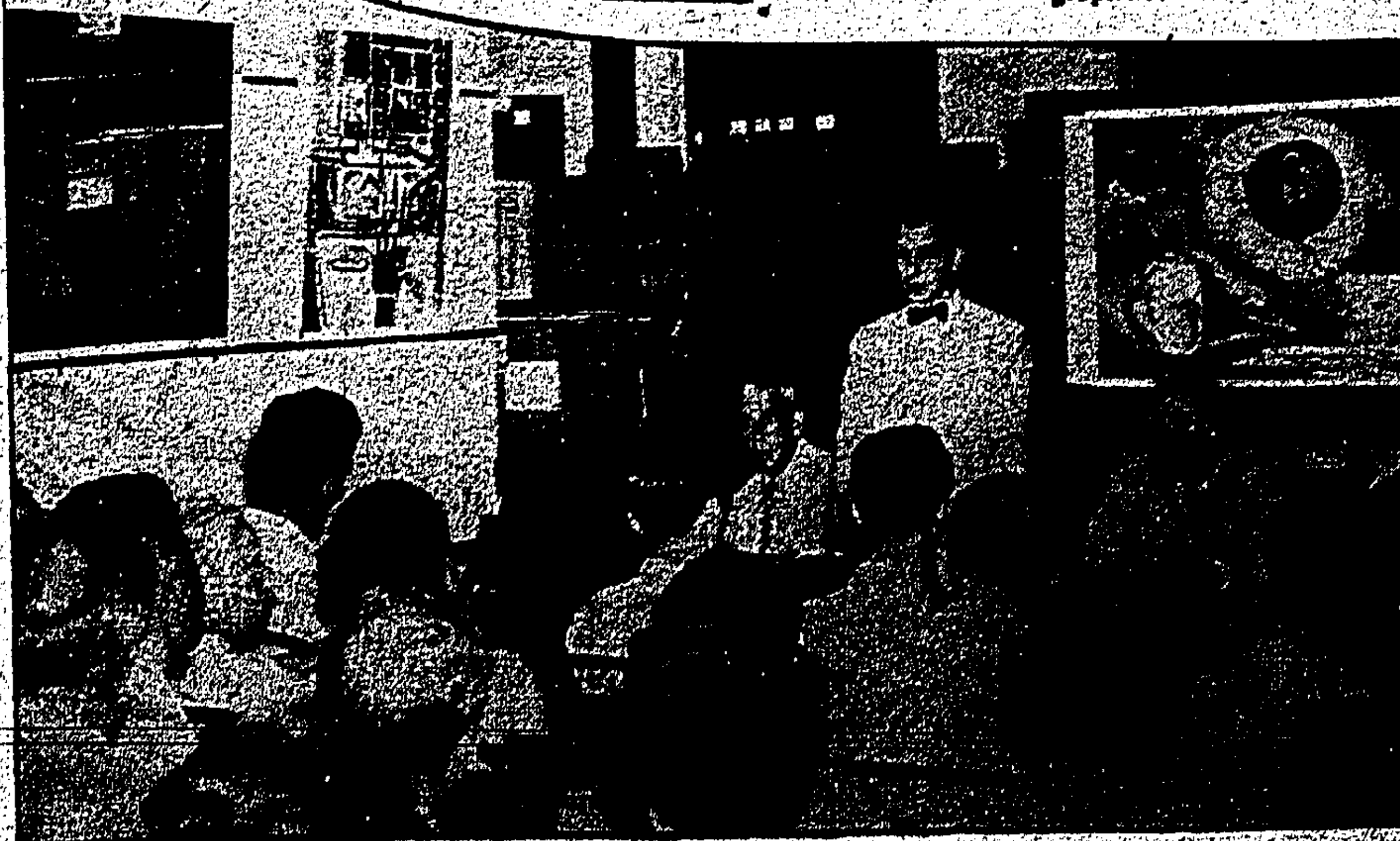
MR and Mrs David Smith with friends after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last Saturday. The bride was formerly Miss Lorna Jean Coxall. Mr Smith is a pilot of Cathay Pacific Airways. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE at St Andrew's Church last Saturday after the wedding of Major George Desmond Hinde, RA, and Miss Barbara May Bills. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr T. A. Pearce, Chairman of the Cricket League, presenting the First Division championship trophy to Mr A. Zimmern, captain of the Kowloon Cricket Club team, at the after-season dance held at the Craigengower Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr E. F. Szczepanik, Lecturer in Economics at the Hongkong University, giving a talk on the Colony's refugee problem at a public meeting held on Tuesday under the auspices of the United Nations Association. (Staff Photographer)



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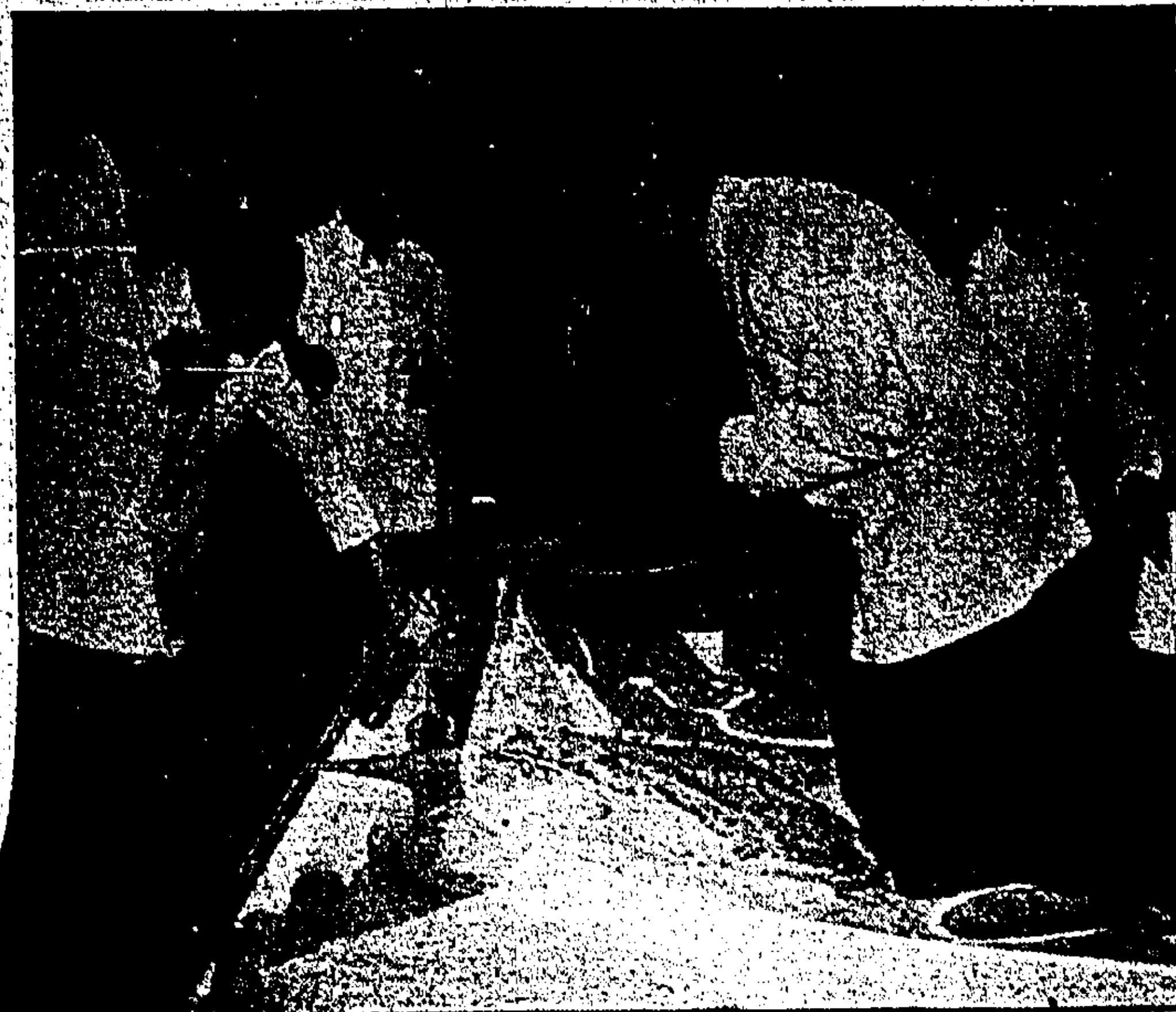
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ON the left: Wedding of Mr. Vernon Berger and Miss Kathleen Davies. The bridal party on the steps of St John's Cathedral after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



EXAMINING a model of the Tai Lam Chung reservoir project, displayed at the annual dinner of the Engineering Society of Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



Mr Ed Shea and Miss Doris Lee pictured with their attendants after their wedding last Saturday at the China Congregational Church. (Staff Photographer)



MR A. J. Hussain, manager of St. Joseph's team, receiving the Commissioner's Trophy from Mrs Kwok Chan at the annual dinner dance and prize presentation of the Softball Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



CROWNED "Miss Softball of 1955." Miss Betty Lowe with her crown, sash and cup at the annual dinner dance of the Softball Association. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at St. Margaret's Church of Mr. Leonel Augusto Marques and Miss Angelina Perpetua Marques. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr. Richard Neutra, noted American architect, (with hat), greeted by Prof. Gordon Brown, Professor of Architecture at the Hongkong University, on his arrival at Kai Tak Airport last week. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of competitors in the inter-dock lawn bowls friendly between Taikoo Dockyard and Kowloon Dock last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)

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THE senior men's and women's badminton champions, Ramon Young and Stella Correa, receive their trophies from Mrs. A. M. Rodrigues at the prize presentation held at the Craigflower Cricket Club. Left: Dr. the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, President of the Badminton Association, addressing the gathering. (Staff Photographer)

FOR THOSE IN PURSUIT OF THAT
DEMENTED LITTLE WHITE BALL...
VENTILE GOLF JACKETS,
AND LIGHTWEIGHT RUBBER SOLED
"K" GOLF SHOES.



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There is nothing fore-ordained or inevitable about Tuberculosis. It is caught, not inherited. No amount of poverty, starvation or squalor can cause Tuberculosis in the absence of T.B. germs — no amount of riches, education or social position can guarantee protection in the presence of T.B. germs.

We can all help cut down the threat of Tuberculosis and the sorrow it causes in this Colony by supporting the Hong Kong Anti-Tuberculosis Association which is dedicated to the task of combatting Tuberculosis and has as one of its primary objectives, the provision of more hospital accommodation so that the sick can be cured and the germ carriers isolated.

Cheques should be crossed and addressed:
The Hong Kong Anti-Tuberculosis Association
c/o Lowe Bingham & Matthews,
Alexandra House,
or c/o South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Health and Happiness can be restored to many sufferers if you will
GIVE THAT THEY MAY LIVE

PRACTICAL
Immunisation Against Some Communicable Diseases

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

THE scientific details about immunisation are complicated but for home consumption they can be simplified so that each parent can understand them with little or no difficulty.

Stripped of technicalities, there are two kinds of immunity — long lasting and temporary.

We say long lasting rather than permanent because all immunity has a tendency to wear off with the passage of time. Long lasting immunity frequently follows illness with a disease. There are exceptions, because some persons seem unable to develop or maintain immunity. Long lasting immunity can also be conferred by giving a vaccine or a toxoid. A vaccine contains the actual killed bodies of bacteria or greatly weakened viruses. It acts by stimulating the body in the same manner as if the individual had the disease but in much milder form so that symptoms are less severe or entirely absent and danger is correspondingly reduced. A toxoid consists of the poisonous substance (toxin) produced by bacteria greatly weakened. It stimulates immunity without conferring the disease.

Long lasting immunity takes time to develop. After the administration of the immunising substance several weeks must elapse before the immunity reaches its height. When such slow action is inadequate, there are ways of conferring temporary immunity effective immediately. This type of protection wears off in a few weeks because the immunising substances injected are soon eliminated and the body has not been stimulated to make its own protection. Immediately after exposure to a communicable disease, this type of immunisation is very useful but it must be followed by immunisation of the long term variety.

Specific Cases

The proper procedure for preventing diphtheria is to give toxoid at three months of age or earlier and follow it with a so-called booster shot if the child should be exposed or routinely when the child enters school. A child who has never been immunised should be given the short term protection with penicillin or diphtheria anti-toxin when exposed to diphtheria, which should be followed by toxoid for a longer protection.

With measles the only long term protection is to have the

disease. Short term protection may be had by giving gamma globulin within three days after exposure, thus preventing the disease or making it milder. In the very young, delicate or convalescent, or in the expectant mother, gamma globulin immunity is important. By giving the gamma globulin from four to six days after exposure, it is often possible to permit a mild attack of measles, which exposes the child to a minimum of danger but gives him lasting immunity.

Smallpox vaccination should be performed at six months of age and subsequently at seven-year intervals up to age 14; thereafter, when exposed to smallpox. There is no temporary immunisation against smallpox and the lasting immunity from having the disease involves too many risks; smallpox can be very dangerous.

Tetanus or lockjaw is preventable by toxoid usually given in conjunction with the diphtheria immunisation.

Whooping cough is also preventable by vaccination, easily given at the same time as the diphtheria "shots." Booster doses are advisable upon entering school.

Immunisation against typhoid fever is not recommended except in special circumstances of which physicians and public health officials will notify parents.

Vaccination certificates issued by physicians or public health authorities should be part of the individual's permanent health record file in case of damage or loss, it is wise to have photographs or photocopies made and filed separately.

Arrange A Schedule For

Feeding The Baby

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

IT'S always distressing to hear a baby crying long and hard. The younger it is, the more heart-rending to hear it.

The first thing to do is to make sure the infant's clothing is not giving it discomfort. Then, when at all in doubt, call the physician. With his help, you may ascertain whether the crying comes from some infection or organic disturbance, or from hunger.

Crying by the baby a few months old, or in the child two, four or older, may also have causes in your ways of caring for him or in your emotional responses. Even if you said not a word, the baby and young child could sense your serenity or emotional tension, and that of the family.

PROLONGED CRYING

But most prolonged crying and whining of the baby and young child results from irregularities and inconsistencies of his parents. Ministering to his needs, the mother can easily cause him to increase his whining. This means feeding the baby whenever he seemed to be hungry.

Young mothers gladly embraced this new way. It did seem to make sense, and some babies soon worked out for themselves remarkably regular time for demanding food.

JUST HUNGRY?

For them, it was rather easy to cultivate an approximate schedule. But for a good many other babies, it didn't work so happily. Some of them chose to turn night into day, and to prolong this eating-on-demand beyond the early months, even beyond the first few years.

Most pediatricians now are encouraging the young mother to strive toward a semblance, at least, of a feeding schedule after the baby's a few weeks or months of age. But so stirring seemed this notion of demand feeding that many mothers have prolonged the plan indefinitely. It became so easy to give the baby one, two or three years old, a bottle or the tot-four or five some other food, every time he cried out in the night.

He was just hungry, and sometimes he was. But it rarely occurred to the baby's mother that the real or apparent hunger at night had any relation to his feeding habits by day.

HOMECRAFT
For The Professional Man

THIS COMFORTABLE HOME has a pleasing exterior done in brick veneer and cedar shakes. The gable over the entrance and the picture window, at left, add interest to the design.

By Joan O'Sullivan

THE professional man who wants to set up practice at home requires a specially planned house. This one could well fill the bill.

Just off the entrance is a study that could double as an office for doctor, lawyer or architect. The room is arranged for privacy, and since living and working areas open off a centre hall, they could easily be closed off.

★ ★ ★

A lavatory, accessible from the centre hall, also fits in nicely with the idea of a home-office plan. So does a side doorway that gives the family a private entrance to the house during office hours.

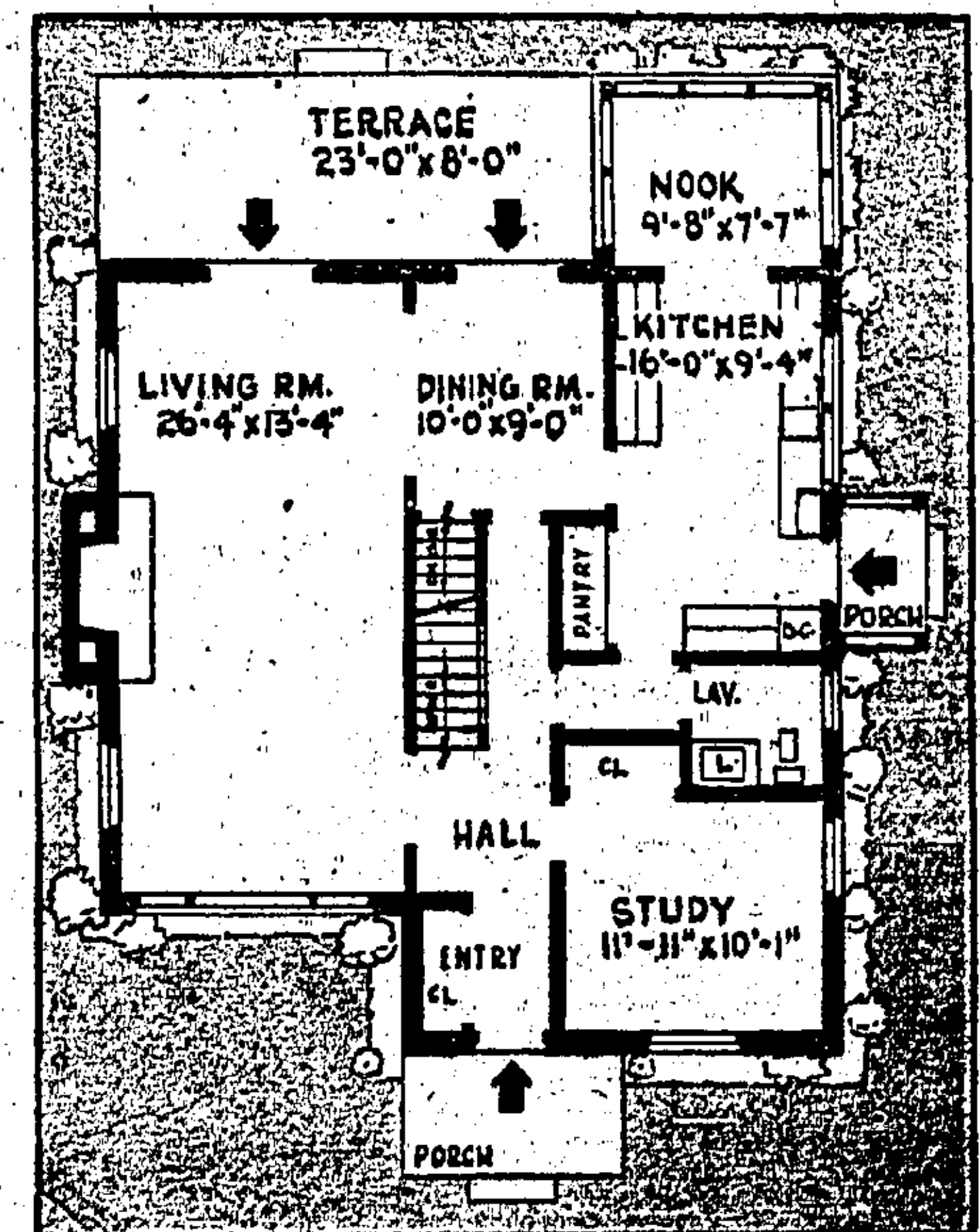
The living area runs the full length of the house, with a picture window at front, an entrance to the terrace at back. Since the professional man would require a waiting room, the front half of this area could serve this purpose, with screen or a folding wall partition shutting off the back half of living room and dining room.

★ ★ ★

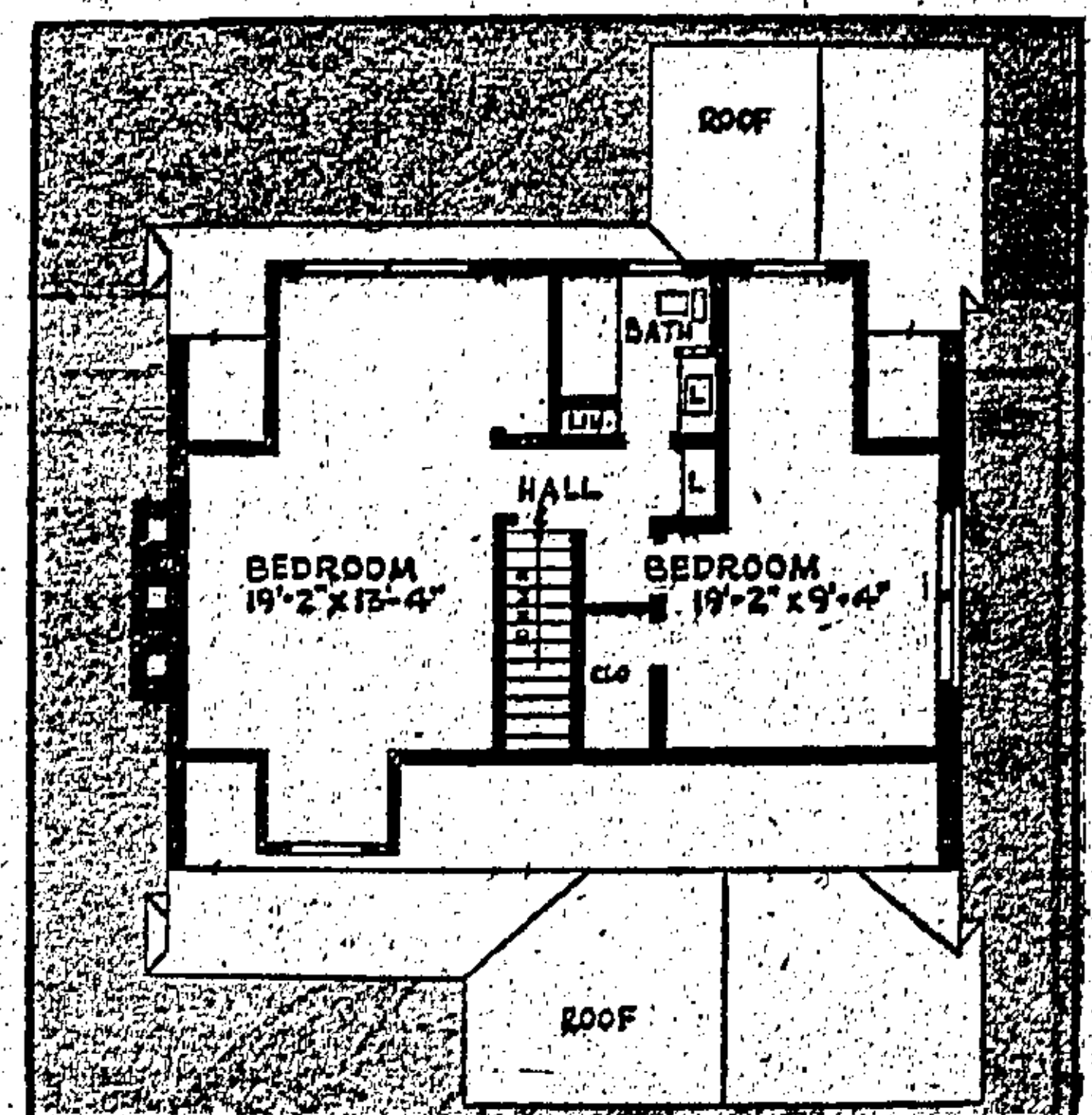
The dining room, too, has an entrance to the terrace, a convenient arrangement in summer when outdoor meals are in order. Next to it, the kitchen is a model of efficiency. There's a spacious pantry section, table space, good counter and cabinet room. Best of all, a glassed-in breakfast nook will delight the family and make meals a pleasure.

Upstairs, both bedrooms are exceptionally large. The master bedroom has a dressing alcove, while the bath contains ample space for a linen unit and a vanity.

The design comprises 27,303 cubic feet.



THE GROUND FLOOR plan is arranged so the study can be used as an office. The living area is spacious. There's a separate dining room.



ON THE FIRST FLOOR, both bedrooms are of good size. The bath is large enough for a linen storage closet as well as a vanity unit.

How To Take Care Of Foot Troubles

By HELIN FOLLETT

IT takes a brave woman to smile when her feet are killing her. It's strange why so many women tolerate foot ills when they can be corrected by the advice of a doctor or the purchase of a new and sensible pair of shoes. Continued discomfort will ruin good posture and body balance.

Shoes have never been lovelier in materials and design, and more so with a light even sole. So varied are the offerings that normal feet can be fitted comfortably. Don't when allowed to go without

attention. They are caused by friction and pressure, so get rid of the shoes that caused them and get new ones that provide plenty of room for toe-wiggling, that do not send toes into a huddle.

If they are not too heavy, friction comes with a toilet pumice stone. But if they are old-timers, have been wearing you for years, seek professional care. Don't do any bathroom surgery. A wound can inflame, infection and infections are no trifling matters.

Ingrowing nails also are caused by ill-fitting shoes, and are usually those that are not wide enough. See that your socks can be fitted comfortably. Don't when allowed to go without

RAYMOND CHANDLER now says: I CONFESS

The author whose books are found in statesmen's suitcases, are read by bishops in trains—and devoured by millions of ordinary people—is Raymond Chandler. He has turned detective stories into literature, as well as gold mines. Over the past 15 years—in best-sellers and best-films such as "The Big Sleep," "The High Window," and "Lady in the Lake"—he has added his own creation, Philip Marlowe, to the gallery of unforgettable fictional detectives. Marlowe, of course, is a hard-boiled, indestructible "private eye." And RENE MACCOLL decided to assume the Marlowe technique when he interviewed Chandler this week in London. Here is MacColl-Marlowe's report.

"I've no special knowledge about the police..."

IT was about noon, and I was calling on a man who has slugged a million dollars out of a typewriter. I was wearing my suit, the new one, and display handkerchief, brown suede shoes, matching socks with durns in them. I felt moderately healthy.

The rain had stopped, and there was the clean, sharp smell of sparrows in the air. The place had a front-door, and I was standing there wondering if it opened outwards, when the commissionaire slid me a remote, agless look, finished biting his nails, and went inside.

Chandler was sitting in the oak-panelled bar. He showed me dark glasses, grey hair, and a small face with a cigarette in it. His left hand moved imperceptibly, shifting a tawn-coloured trouser-leg upwards.

THE canary-yellow socks were hand-made. So were the pigskin monk's shoes. Figuring from knee-level to the ground alone, 30 guineas were on display.

The voice sounded as though it had been stabbed with an ice-pick. "How do you like your whisky?" he asked. "With ginger ale," I said. There was a long wedge of silence, and then the voice said softly, "You take chamets, Mister."

He half-frowned at his gimlet, tasted it, and then frowned some more. I gave him the boyish smile and he started to talk.

"I won't tell you my age," he said, "because I never told anyone that. I live in a suburb of San Diego, in Southern California. I like to think myself exclusive."

"My mother was English, and when she divorced my father she brought me from Chicago, where I was born, back here to London. We lived in Upper Norwood and I went to Dulwich College. I was a pretty good wing forward at Rugger. I bowled a fair off-break at cricket—a slow ball, but I didn't have proper control."

He paused, and I could feel the pulse in my throat starting to get faster. I waited for what was coming.

"Cricket," said Chandler—and the hand holding my drink sweated a little bit as he spoke. "has changed enormously since I was at Dulwich."

CHANDLER refused to take a phone call, fought another cigarette into his mouth and lit it with an ivory-trimmed lighter that flared the first time.

"We returned to the States in 1912, and I went to work in oil in California."

"I started to wander up and down the Pacific coast after I quit oil. In the evenings I would read the pulp magazines under naked electric light bulbs in cheap rooming-houses and think this stuff is elementary enough for me to do too. I had always wanted to write; it was just a question whether I could make a living out of it."

"I started writing full-time in 1933. After six years I hit the jack-pot with 'Big Sleep'."

Chandler turned and looked full at me—his face suddenly beamed. "I've got to tell you something," he almost whispered. "There are no people like Philip Marlowe. There couldn't be. Real life private eyes in head of the line. The driver America are grubby little men

who do wire tapping and divorce work and steal photos when they get the chance. They never work on murder cases. "I have no special knowledge about the police or police methods. I have never been a crime reporter. I do know a couple of cops, casually, and I want a particular piece of information about police work I occasionally ask for it. I have never based a character on any person I have ever met. It's all imagination."

"Mostly the police in America are rather stupid people. And there is still a lot of police brutality and sadism in the large cities."

HE sat there brooding over the brutality and he bounced the cherry against the inside of his glass almost soundlessly. "Any questions?" he snapped. I reached for my voice. "Why does Marlowe never quite fall for the girl?"

"Marlowe would lose something by being promiscuous. Some of these clucks, I mean some of the other writers, spend their time writing sex. Not me. But in his last case Marlowe did have an affair. It couldn't go on for ever, the said no—the guy was human and he had to break down some time. I hated to see him do it, though. But the kind of affair he had, I'd like myself."

"Then came the films," he laughed with silence and no amusement. "Hollywood," he said, and paused to listen to the small sound his cigarette, but made in the dregs of his gimlet. "Is scared and insincere. It took me three years to get over one year of Hollywood. I had fights with the studio all the time. I was suspended for four months—very unusual for a writer."

"Of the actors who played Marlowe in films, I thought Dick Powell was best. Bogart is always superb as Bogart, but Powell seemed to me just right as Marlowe."

"I'm supposed to be finishing my next book here in London, but it looks like a hopeless proposition. Too many dinner parties, too much hospitality. "I just work in the mornings, when I get up, I never revise. If I force myself and the stuff is no good when I re-read it, I throw it away. Always throw away what you don't like."

"I'm a good plain cook. I love jazz—but it must be wild jazz, not the commercial stuff. Jam sessions," he looked at me from far back behind his eyes. "From now on, I write only books. TV is terribly hard work. So are films. My most successful book sold over a million copies, including paper backs, but not including the foreign translations."

MOVED my shoulders quietly inside my jacket and waited. There was one last thing to be said; one thing inevitable as old age, pitiless as a slipped cartilage.

"After I left Dulwich," said Chandler, "I went to work on the Daily Express as a reporter. I was a complete flop, the worst man they ever had. Every time they sent me out on a story I would get lost. They fired me. I deserved it."

I got up and went away quickly, along the carpet to the lobby and out into the street. The pedestrian crossing looked as evil as the fine print in a hire-purchase contract. And Philip Marlowe. There couldn't be. Real life private eyes in head of the line. The driver America are grubby little men

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STYLES IN THE EAST

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

As the political pulse in Britain quickens, three words hold the political key— PEACE AND PANTRY

These are the issues in the vital time ahead says

DEREK MARKS

Daily Express Political Correspondent

HERE we go—smack into the first General Election for four years. And, at once, the issues are clear. This is going to be the Peace and Pantry Election.

On May 26 the voters will decide, in effect, two major questions: Who is best fitted to deal with the Russians in the Hydrogen Bomb age? Sir Anthony Eden and Mr Harold Macmillan or Mr Clement Attlee and Mr Herbert Morrison?

Who is the man to keep Britain rich enough to avoid a return to the ration book? Mr R. A. Butler or Mr Hugh Gaitskell?

These are the issues on which the main part of the General Election campaign is to be fought.

Now why?

ON taking over from Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister, Eden decided to go right ahead with a General Election. Why?

THE SOCIALISTS say it is because Butler fears an economic crisis in the autumn. They claim that "Tory freedom does not work."

THE TORIES say Eden wants to get on with negotiations with the Russians and that these should be conducted by a Government with a fresh confidence vote and not by one nearing the end of its life.

Here is how the election guns are loaded on the fundamental peace-or-war issues that lie behind the X on this month's ballot paper:

The socialists will suggest that a Tory Government is inhibited, precisely because it is a Tory Government, from negotiating with the Com-

munist Government of Soviet Russia.

Only a Government of the working class, they will hint, can possibly hope to strike a true bargain with the Russians.

THE TORIES will stand by the record. They will make these points:

1. In the six postwar years in office they achieved not one diplomatic success with the Russians.

2. Yet, at Geneva last year, it was a Tory Foreign Secretary—now the Prime Minister—who found it possible to co-operate with the Russian opposite number, Vyacheslav Molotov, and end the war in Indo-China.

Mr. now Sir Anthony—Eden did not hit it off with John Foster Dulles of America; Molotov did not hit it off with Chou En-lai of Red China; but they did, somehow, reach an understanding with each other.

That is on the record, and it will be produced as one of the Tories' bigger cards.

Top level talks

A LINE on how the talks—with Russia—argument will develop on the hustings came in the Commons.

Sir Anthony Eden told M.P.s that the procedure for these talks is now being discussed with France, America, Germany and others. "I hope it will be possible for the Foreign Secretary (Mr Macmillan) to make a further announcement in the next few days," said Sir Anthony.

Emanuel Shinwell, former Socialist Defence Minister, can the Government undertake top level talks now that they have been deprived of the only top level they ever had?

Never, they will say, have there been more people at work in peacetime Britain.

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The H-bomb

THE gigantic mushroom of the hydrogen bomb casts its shadow over the polling booth this spring.

THE TORIES are solidly behind the decision that Britain shall, like America and Russia, make the H-bomb.

They say that Britain can best prevent an H-bomb attack by being strong enough to hit back with the same devastating weapon.

THE SOCIALISTS are split like an atom on this issue. Mr Attlee and his colleagues find themselves aligned with the Tory Party behind the H-bomb.

But Mr Aneurin Bevan, and his friends believe we should have the bomb in reserve, but not use it until we are attacked by H-bombs. (By which time, so the Tories and the Attleites say, it would be too late anyway.)

Forget not, on this issue, the Socialist Party's strong pacifist element. Their line is simple: That Britain should have nothing to do with the H-bomb.

That will be the line-up of the parties, who will each proclaim: We are for peace!

WHAT OF THE PANTRY? This is how I see the political set-up on the larger shelves.

THE TORIES will point to their four-years-in-power record of prosperity.

THE SOCIALISTS will say that the Tories are trying to cover up an impending economic crisis.

THE TORIES will point out that in the SIX years that the Socialists were in power (from 1945 to 1951) there were THREE major economic crises—including one during Chancellor Gaitskell's spell when gold and dollar reserves were pouring away at the rate of 2,900 million a year.

They will point out that after three and a half years of Tory rule there has so far been NO economic crisis at all.

THE SOCIALISTS will say that the Tories are trying to cover up an impending economic crisis.

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Four Boys Planned A Republic

New York.

FOUR BOYS planned to set up an independent Government on the gunnery target island of San Miguel, which is 40 miles off the Californian coast, in the Los Angeles area.

But they went to sleep under a car before they got off the mainland, and it was there under the car that the police found them.

In the car were a machine-gun, two rifles, two shotguns, two sticks of dynamite, a pistol, six knives and a bayonet.

What was it all about? One boy said: "We don't like the way things are being run in the world. We just want our own Government."

They said the oldest boy, 15-year-old Wayne Young, of Venice, California, was to be Governor of the Republic of San Miguel, and the others, one 14 and two 13, were to be to help President Eisenhower

AMERICA COLUMN
from
NEWELL ROGERS

balance his budget and reduce U.S. income tax.

CHILDREN in New York State can lose their junior driving licences if their parents say so. This is the effect of a law just signed by Governor Averell Harriman.

All mother or father has to do is to notify the licensing commissioner they no longer approve the licence. He has no option but to revoke it.

Footnote: Minors aged 16 to 18 get junior licences. They may not drive at night, or within the five boroughs of New York City.

BURLESQUE is what the public thinks it is, and not what the dictionary says it is. Licence Commissioner Edward McCaffrey, refusing a Brooklyn theatre permission to perform burlesque turns, and the public thinks burlesque means stripteasing, whereas the dictionary says it is "satirical comedy in short bursts of songs, dancing, and caricatures."

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTERMR LEAHY GETS A SURPRISE
FROM THE STONE AGE GIRLS

A GOLD-PROSPECTOR was drifting down the sombre waters of the Purari in New Guinea. Suddenly he met with a new, uncharted river flowing into the Purari from the west. And bobbing on its broad stream were corpses—one with dark skull cleft open.

This token of tribal war held a special mystery: for the unknown river came from the Bismarck Mountains—and the Bismarcks were held to be an un-

peopled waste, half-hidden in rain-cloud and fog.

They prospector was Michael Leahy, a Cagney-faced Irish Australian formerly a railway clerk in Queensland. An alert man, this Leahy—for not long after, in January 1933, he noted a particular stretch of cloud midway along the Bismarck's eastern wall. It was not the usual massy mountain cumulus, but the lighter cloud which rises from grassland.

On the outward journey they won awe as visiting spirits. Returning, they realised that familiarity bred vicious contempt; local leaders had denounced them not as envoys from spirit-land but as worthless outsiders.

Later, violence

Several times before they could reach base Leahy's party were forced—under a squall of stone-pointed arrows—to answer with rifle fire.

Unfrightened

It was the prelude to discovery. By April, acting boldly on these clues, Leahy had found the Wahgi Valley—a country which time had forgotten, a country of half a million people still living in the Stone Age.

The story of their discovery of how they met the impact of modern man, has gone strangely untrumpeted. It is told in full for the first time by Australian travel author Colin Simpson in his Adam in Plumes (Angus & Robertson, 21s.).

First, the Stone Age men to greet Leahy were unfrightened, tall, naively curious at the sight of clothes and pink skin. A wealth of bird-of-paradise plumes bristled from their heads; they wore collars of gleaming pearl-shell and carried carved, ceremonial spears.

But it was their plain-clad wives who startled Leahy. Screeching between teeth and laughter, they embraced his followers, claiming them as dead relatives returned from the spirit world.

The valley itself, after the dark New Guinea coast, was paradisaical—a Switzerland under the Southern Cross. And the people too had planted elaborate ornament groves—bright with flowering shrubs—to fringe their tribal dancing grounds.

"These people are artists, not savages!" the wondering explorers told each other. Then, amid burned butts they found a dancing ground ravaged by marauders, its trees ringed to death with stone axes—the work of a rival clan.

Such feuding, the constant bloodshed, was, they learned, the staple of valley life. And soon they were to sample the same warring temper them-

Succeeding contacts with Stone Age valley similarly produced friendship mingled with sudden violence. Two missionaries were murdered; a prospector was found "on the crest of a ridge near his camp. He had a single-barrelled shotgun with the hammer cocked, clutched in his hands. There was an arrow in his chest, just over the heart. The body was still warm."

Thus the familiar pattern seemed set, for gradual white encroachment, for enforced civilisation with its two-edged blessings.

But the Australian Government had other plans. Land purchase by whites was restricted; the best tribal customs stimulated; the people were left to choose civilisation.

What has been changed? The feuds have been outlawed. Tuberculosis, malaria have been checked. Harmful tribal practices—e.g., self-mutilation, cutting off a finger-joint, in mourning—have been discouraged.

What has survived? The valley is still the land of plumes. The missions do not insist on drabness as a symbol of Christianity. And the Wahgi Valley is still the spinster's Elysium; the unmarried girls still strut about adorned with plumage and pearl-shell, take the initiative in courting; and the girls play the dominant part in the festive kumana ceremony—an official, highly-styled routine of flirtation with young men from neighbouring clans.

Marriage? For New Guinea's Stone Age girls it means the end of fashion in plumes, the end of adornment. By Wahgi standards a married woman is fleshly overdone; if she flaunts much more than a first skirt.

Marriage also means the beginning of a life of labour.

Wahgi wives are responsible for working the family plantation, for portage, for cooking, for tending the all-important pigs (pigs are still one form of currency in the valley).

Altogether it is small wonder that long engagements are popular with women in Stone Age valley. Small wonder that prospective wives postpone the day so often that most marriages begin with the kidnapping of the reluctant bride—a shotgun marriage in reverse.

Swindlers

THERE'S a wild poetry in the lives of great swindlers. Take the case of Whittaker Wright, who swallowed cyanide and died in 1904.

Some of the money Whittaker Wright milked from investors was spent on building London's Bakerloo Line; some was spent on Canadian development; most was spent on Whittaker Wright. Lea Park—his house in Surrey—cost £250,000, plus £400,000 for improvements.

One Lea Park attraction was a huge room built under a lake. Through a glass roof, visitors could see fish swimming above them.

The tale of Wright, of Bottomley, Harry, and a score of other swindlers is told in Very Private Enterprise by Aymer Vallance (Thames & Hudson, 15s.).

Mr. Vallance is clearly a dab at figures—and his book is bursting with balance sheets, debentures and liquid assets. It seems perfect bedtime reading for any crime fan who is a chartered accountant as well.

Horses...elks

FINALLY, I recommend—Days of Elk and Buffalo... by Florence Hayes-Turner (Arco, 12s. 6d.).

Miss Turner was brought up in Colorado amid horses, comic relatives, corals, and a great quantity of elk and buffaloes. She now recalls these delights.

Background to Murder, by Nigel Morland (Werner Laurie, 15s.). A plain retelling of the best-loved murder case, from Kate Webster of Richmond to Wallace of Liverpool. Unoriginal—but devotees will find it replete.

London Begins To Grow Up

By TONY WHITE

LONDON does not want to be like towering New York. It wants to stay much as it has been for centuries, squat, sprawling, year by year stretching farther out on both sides of the muddy Thames, growing out instead of up.

But as its millions pack tighter, architects are publicly saying that soon the city must change; it will have to climb skywards or soon there will be little room left for it to grow in.

Their reasons are practical. Building out, they say, uses up far too much valuable space in a small island where land is being built upon at the rate of 50,000 acres a year.

They say suburban development is eating into the country "green belts" which separate London from Home County towns and villages.

They say there must be more space in the city to solve traffic problems alone.

And there are the economics of it: in these times of rising travel costs, people must not be forced to live farther and farther from the city's centre, where they have their work. Building new suburbs, widening the broad perimeter of Greater London, is no good. London must build more multi-storey flats nearer its heart.

Many Londoners oppose their ideas. And their reasons are primarily sentimental. There is St Paul's Cathedral to consider. Its 366 foot-high beauty would be obliterated by brass skyscrapers, they say. And so would that of other churches and cathedrals and old buildings which tower a paltry few hundred feet into the city's grey skies.

All the architectural treasures of London—and of any other city—would be lost in the bright, slab-sided incongruity of towering modern blocks of offices and flats.

No, Londoners say, we want to remain as we are.

They are proud enough that the nation's highest building, Salisbury Cathedral, is 404 feet high. And it does not matter to them that it is more than a thousand feet shorter than the Empire State building.

But some architects are sure that soon the Government will have to pass some kind of law to permit them to plan higher. They do not want Manhattan-style buildings, but merely pigmy skyscrapers rising 30 to 50 storeys.

Slowly London is beginning to grow up. Already a 29-storey building is planned for the Thames South Bank. And flats of 15 storeys or more will go up elsewhere—homes for hundreds on third-of-an-acre sites.

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SEEING DOUBLE

The tiny Dutch town of Oirschot, will be seeing double this year. For on May 21 hundreds of pairs of twins from many parts of Europe will go there for a two-day "European Congress for Twins" to talk about "the serious problems unique to this category of citizen."

And outside conference hours the twins—all of them over 15 years—will take part in competitions for the twins who look most alike, those who look least alike, the fattest pair, the thinnest, and the funniest.

And for the best looking, the title: "Twins of Europe 1955."

TONGUE GROUPS

South African Dr Bernard Squires has found another division in the human race—people are divided, he says into "tongue groups."

For a year he has been laboriously collecting "tongue" prints and sorting them according to the number and type of "grooves" which appear in the prints.

There are four groups, he says. Just as in blood groups, most people belong to one group.

BULLETS IN BRAIN

Seventeen be-wildered Buenos Aires doctors are puzzling over the strange case of Antonio Pilato. Thirty-year-old Italian Antonio got into a lover's quarrel a month ago. He wound up with three bullets in his brain.

Officially he ought to be dead. But he doesn't even feel sick. X-rays reveal that the bullets are still there. Yet the X-ray plates are the only sign of anything wrong.

Says Antonio: "What's all the fuss about...I feel great."

Declared the court: "We are agreed that a husband may beat his wife only with the aid of a cane no thinner than a finger, and must not strike more than one blow on one part of the body."

But on no account could he strike her on the face—"which reflects the beauty of a woman."

JUNGLE DRUGS

Scientific researcher Nancy Atkinson came out of the Australian outback last week after a six-year study of Australian plants and fungi and reported: Life-saving penicillin was really nothing new: paint-

YOU CAN BEAT HER

Yes, a Cairo divorce court ruled last week, you can beat your wife. But on no account can you slap her.

The court laid down the principles of legal wife-beating when granting a divorce to a 22-year-old wife whose husband had slapped her.

Declared the court: "We are agreed that a husband may beat his wife only with the aid of a cane no thinner than a finger, and must not strike more than one blow on one part of the body."

But on no account could he strike her on the face—"which reflects the beauty of a woman."

NAPOLEON'S CHIDDING WILLOW

Old villagers here are split over the fate of the willow tree on the village green. Should it be singled out for public attention with a plaque, or left to be just another tree?

General feeling at the moment is against any bid to distinguish the willow. For memories in this quiet corner of England are long—and the willow came from a cutting of the tree planted on Napoleon's first grave on St Helena.

It was given to the village by a descendant of the British doctor who attended Napoleon when he was dying.

Says Parish Council chairman, Mr A. Clare Robinson: "People have told me they can't understand why we have accepted this testimony to England's greatest enemy bar Hitler."

LONELIEST PUB

If you were to order one at the Lord Nelson Inn at Barton Hill's No. 1 clearance area, Bristol, you would be having a drink at Britain's loneliest pub.

Hundreds of houses on all sides of it have crumbled and vanished, leaving the inn like a rock in an ocean. Only because of its solid construction has the pub escaped the demolition order.

Landlord Edgar Henney, and his wife stay on in the centre of this biggest property clearance scheme Bristol has ever known, waiting for the day when the customers come back. They will one day when the new 15-storey flats are built next door.

Mrs Henney's family have run the Lord Nelson for nearly 70 years. None of her forebears visualised the day would come when all the terraces of houses on every side of the inn would disappear.

"There is still a little trade at the Lord Nelson, and Mr and Mrs Henney courageously stick it out waiting for the new flats and their tenants to keep them company."

SAUSAGE CHAMP

Betty (300 lbs) Sir Roy Wensley, deputy premier of the Central African Federation, claims a new title—champion sausage eater.

The first title—heavyweight boxing champion of the Rhodesias.

The second: A knighthood in 1959.

Now comes the latest. The other night one-time butcher, baker, brewer, stockbroker, engraver, trade union leader, editor, Wensley ate five feet—his fifth—of champion Rhodesian sausage at a complete dining-out.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Wanted--A Desert Island

BY HARRY WEINERT



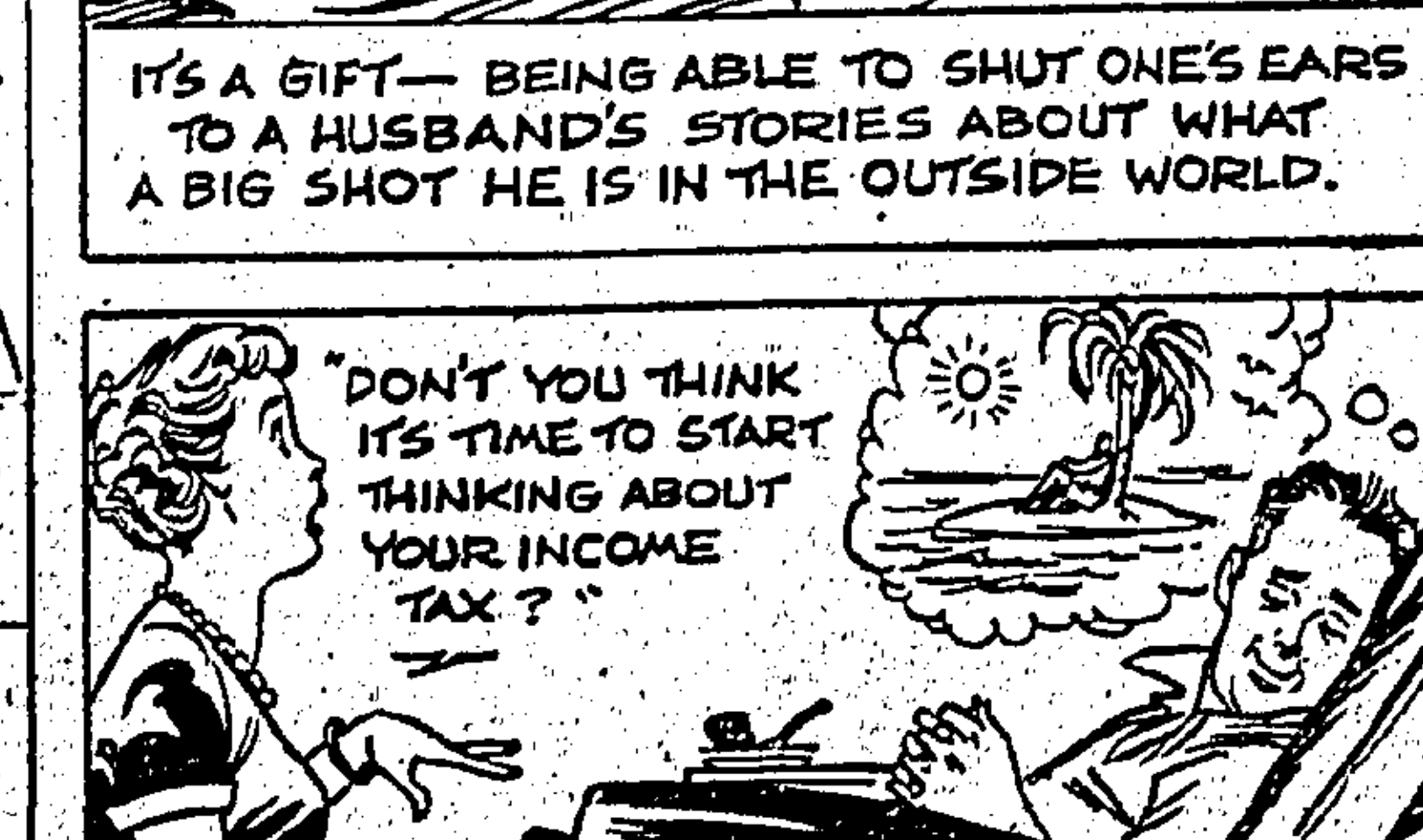
JUST A WET SUNDAY—TWO KIDS AND A PUP (THE GOOD-WATCH-DOG TYPE)



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

U.K. Election Broadcasts Start This Week

CUP FINAL BROADCAST AT ELEVEN TONIGHT

In a special broadcast to listeners in Britain and overseas on April 15, the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, announced that a General Election would be held in Britain on May 26.

When an election is announced, the BBC makes available certain periods of time for election broadcasts, on sound and television. It is up to the parties to agree as to how the time shall be allocated between them.

The claims of minority parties are considered after Nomination Day, when any party nominating a requisite number of candidates is offered the chance to broadcast.

Election broadcasts begin this week, and will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on the following days and times—

Tuesday, May 10, 8.00 p.m. Conservative Appeal.

Wednesday, May 11, 8.00 p.m. Labour Appeal.

At the time of going to press, names of individual speakers are not known.

10TH ANNIVERSARY OF VE DAY

The Tenth Anniversary of VE Day falls tomorrow, and the BBC is broadcasting several special programmes to mark the occasion. The first one can be heard at half past seven this evening, and it's a rebroadcast of the VE Day edition of *Time*, with Tommy Handley and Dorothy Summers.

Tomorrow at 8.45 p.m. "Ten Years Ago" produces for listeners recorded actuality recalling VE Day itself, with its rejoicing, its bells and cheering crowds. The programme, written by Bernard Moulton, also traces the events leading up to victory, and stresses what victory meant to different types of people and what hopes and fears were theirs at the time.

"A QUIET EVENING"

A rubber plantation in Malaya is the setting of the murder mystery which can be heard in Wednesday's *Quiet Evening*. The play, written by Margaret Denham, is called "A Quiet Evening". It is a play about a rubber plantation in Malaya, and it's a murder mystery. The play is called "A Quiet Evening".

The most important event in the sporting calendar in Great Britain is the Cup Final. The Cup Final at Wembley will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong, and commentators by Raymond Glenning and Alan Clarke can be heard from 11 p.m. this evening.

Newcastle United, who are meeting Manchester City this week, establish a new record in soccer history. This will be their tenth appearance in the Final; till now they shared the record with West Bromwich Albion.

Racing: A commentary on the Newmarket stakes can be heard on Wednesday evening at 11.25.

RECITAL
In a viola and piano recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening Ely Alvir (viola) and Golda Above (piano) will play Hindemith's "Meditation" and Liszt's "Meditation". The programme is at 9 p.m.

JUKE BOX PARADE
A weekly popular parade programme takes the "Juke Box Parade" to the first time at 7 o'clock, and it's "Juke Box Parade" presented by Nick Kendall.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 890 kilocycles per second and on 5840 kilocycles, 78.14 metres.

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.35 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

Beyond the Blue Horizon, Can't help singing, Waltz in Water-colour, Midnight in Mayfair, Way to the stars, Pick Yourself Up, Scrub, Brother, Scrub, The Minute Waltz, High-Lo whistle and you work, it's a lovely day tomorrow, The Melancholy Orch.

2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.

With Sydney Thompson and his Orch.

2.30 "SWING TIME" POPULAR DANCE ORCHESTRA.

South Rampart Street Parade—Bob Crosby and his Orch.; Solidarity—Dorsey Brothers Orch.; "We want to be happy"—Chick Webb and his Orch.; Song of the Volga Boatmen—Jimmy Dorsey and his Orch.; Sleepy Time—Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orch.; Waltz Blues—Heliojah—Chick Webb and his Orch.

3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

Presented by Paula.

4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.

Presented by John Benson.

4.30 WINDMILL ATWELL AND HER PIANOS.

Flirtation Waltz—Golden Tangle; Bounce the Boogie Woogie and Soul; Caravan—Gold and Silver Waltz; The Flirty Samba.

4.45 MUGGLES NICKLEBY.

By Charles Dickens.

Episode 4: "Mr Vincent Crumple."

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
Pavacaglia and Fugue in C minor (Bach)—San Francisco Symphony Orch. cond. by Pierre Monteux.
Grand Valse—Brilliant in E flat major, Op. 18 (Chopin)—Alexander Brailowsky (piano).
Légende of the Fair Melusine—Concert Overture (Mendelssohn)—Vienna State Opera Orch. cond. by Felix Hübner.
MUSIC PROGRAMMES.

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

Presented by Helen.

2.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards with WAUSA ZOOM, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.

3.00 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS.

Presented by Helen.

4.30 GEORGIA GIBBS SINGS.

Whole and in part. Wait for me, darling, Under Paris Skies; I love Paris, Love me Mambo Baby.

4.45 HIT SELECTIONS FROM "CALL ME MADAME."

The Ocarina—Jan August and Roberto Lindner; The best thing for you—David LeWinter and his Orch.; You're just in love—Beverly Sills and David LeWinter and his Orch.; It's a lovely day today—Shani Wallis and Jeff Warner (vocal).

5.30 VIENNA RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.05 STUDIO: UNIV. REQUESTS.

Presented by Linda.

6.10 CALLING 40 PORTAL UNIT R. E.

7.00 STUDIO: JUKE BOX PARADE.

Presented by Nick Kendall.

7.30 ITMA WITH TOMMY HANDLEY AND E. EDITION (LONDON RELAY).

7.50 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.15 FALCON STAR—RICHARD TAUBER (TENOR).

Serenade: Girls were made to love & kiss; You are my heart's delight; Serenade.

8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.05 STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE.

Edited by Brig Young. Produced by John Wallace.

9.30 EVENING IN PARIS (HANS MAY).

Sung by the principals and "Chorus" of the Paris Opéra.

Hippodrome production with orchestra conducted by Philip Green.

10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

Bing Bang Blues—Fox Trot; Celtic Rhapsody—Le Musicien—Bucaro.

10.15 Samba—M. Philippe Gerard and his Ensemble; I'll wrap you in my arms—Edo de Waart and his Orch.; I live for you—Waltz—Victor Silvester and his Ballroom Orch.

10.30 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).

10.35 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS.

Over the Waves—Waltz; Alliecat—Fox Trot—Orchestra of Noel Chiboust.

10.45 Samba—M. Philippe Gerard and his Ensemble; I'll wrap you in my arms—Edo de Waart and his Orch.; I live for you—Waltz—Victor Silvester and his Ballroom Orch.

10.50 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).

11.00 THE CUP FINAL (LONDON RELAY).

Newcastle United v Manchester City.

Commentaries by Raymond Glenning and Alan Clarke, with summaries by Charles Buchan and Henry Rose on the match at Wembley.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

12.50 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.20 MORNING MELODY.

Beyond the next hill, Tullie's Tango, Move—Joy Love, La Caballero, The Cavalier, Ball, C'est tout—Acquaviva and his Orch.; Berceuse de Jocelyn; Autumn Leaves; While we're young; Starburst; Portrait of a Lady; Melancholy Strings.

11.00 REPORT FROM THE STUDIO (CONCERT HALL).

Conducted by Colonel F. E. Charles Previn with his SINGING STARS AND ORCHESTRA.

Thin alone; Romany Lilt; Sweetheart, When you are away; Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight.

12.00 PEER GYNT SUITE NO. 1, Op. 46 (Grieg).

Edvard Grieg—Orchestra (The Hague) cond. by Willem Van Oort.

12.15 "WINDMILL ATWELL AND HER PIANOS."

Flirtation Waltz—Golden Tangle; Bounce the Boogie Woogie and Soul; Caravan—Gold and Silver Waltz; The Flirty Samba.

12.30 "WINDMILL ATWELL AND HER PIANOS."

Flirtation Waltz—Golden Tangle; Bounce the Boogie Woogie and Soul; Caravan—Gold and Silver Waltz; The Flirty Samba.

12.45 MUGGLES NICKLEBY.

By Charles Dickens.

Episode 4: "Mr Vincent Crumple."

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

Beyond the Blue Horizon, Can't help singing, Waltz in Water-colour, Midnight in Mayfair, Way to the stars, Pick Yourself Up, Scrub, Brother, Scrub, The Minute Waltz, High-Lo whistle and you work, it's a lovely day tomorrow, The Melancholy Orch.

2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.

With Sydney Thompson and his Orch.

2.30 "SWING TIME" POPULAR DANCE ORCHESTRA.

South Rampart Street Parade—Bob Crosby and his Orch.; Solidarity—Dorsey Brothers Orch.; "We want to be happy"—Chick Webb and his Orch.; Song of the Volga Boatmen—Jimmy Dorsey and his Orch.; Sleepy Time—Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orch.; Waltz Blues—Heliojah—Chick Webb and his Orch.

3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

Presented by Paula.

4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.

Presented by John Benson.

4.30 WINDMILL ATWELL AND HER PIANOS.

Flirtation Waltz—Golden Tangle; Bounce the Boogie Woogie and Soul; Caravan—Gold and Silver Waltz; The Flirty Samba.

4.45 MUGGLES NICKLEBY.

By Charles Dickens.

Episode 4: "Mr Vincent Crumple."

By R. D. Blackmore, dramatized by Ronald McKibbin. Comes Part 2: Master Huckleback Comes.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.05 THE SUNDAY CONCERT.

A United Nations Concert in honour of the sixth anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch.

Presented by Charles Munch.

9.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards with WAUSA ZOOM, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.

10.00 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS.

Presented by Helen.

10.30 GEORGIA GIBBS SINGS.

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Newcastle United v Manchester City.

Commentaries by Raymond Glenning and Alan Clarke, with summaries by Charles Buchan and Henry Rose on the match at Wembley.

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11.30 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

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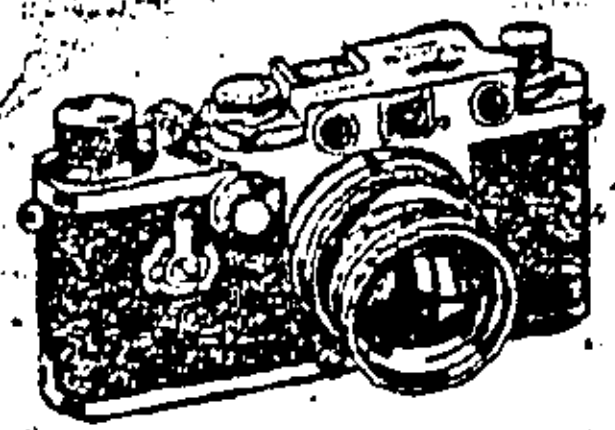
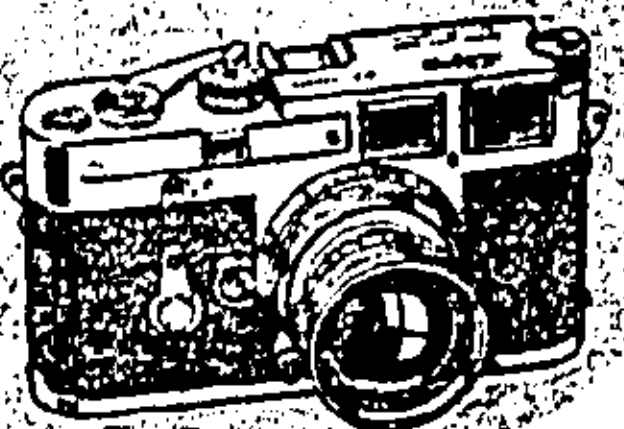
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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT
LOOKS AT FOOTBALL AND
FINDS INEFFICIENCY

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The boy is father of the man The novice of today is the star
of tomorrow. Quotations like these are used freely in many a different
context but there is never a greater weight of truth to their meaning than
in the world of football.I have recently been privileged to read extracts from a collection of private
recommendations made to an English League Club by a business efficiency expert
who had been called in to examine the system which the club had been using for
years. The whole thing was kept very quiet because the business expert was no
expert in the art of football and the club officials were a little concerned that they
might be subjected to a certain amount of light-hearted derision.The examination was carried
out in exactly the same way as
the efficiency man would have
investigated the working of a
scrap factory, a shipbuilding yard
or some other type of business.
In his report he said that he
was not concerned with the in-
dividual ability of players, with
temperaments or with
money drawn from the turnstiles.
He stated that he interested
himself only in the "practical
economics of the club's football
policy" and the question which
dominated his work was:
"Are the present methods used
by this club the best that can
be employed to produce success
on the field of play."His report is a most interesting
document and in different cir-
cumstances might have become
one of football's most published
works, but a couple of the points
he makes are universal rather
than applicable only to the par-
ticular clubs for whom he worked,
and I would like to say just a
word or two about them here.The first point he makes is
that "inefficiency" is accepted far
too lightly down through every
strata of the game. He says
"temperament," "nerves," "human
factor," "bad-day," "staleness,"
"poor form," "bad luck," "one-of-
these-things," and "didn't get the
breaks" are, with other
convenient phrases, used and
accepted as convenient synonyms
for practical inefficiency.
Such circumstances would
never be tolerated in any other
form of business—and for the
purpose of this examination
football must be regarded as
just that—for if they were ac-
cepted in, say the motor in-
dustry, the potteries, the ship-
building world, the radio and
television sphere, or in a host of
others the particular concern
would find it very difficult to
operate successfully or at a
profit.

HUMAN FACTOR

The human factor is present
in every one of these "trades"
just as much as it is in football,
and it is my opinion that the
acceptance of inefficiency in
football is due to the fact that
the employers are themselves
largely to blame.The method of developing the
natural skill of the individual
young footballer is casual.
Footballers do not receive the
right kind of apprenticeship
and they are often promoted to
the expert class long before they
are qualified, and often on thebasis of only a few good jobs of
work.By the same token a carpenter
who made nothing but windows
could become a very good
window-maker but not really a
"carpenter" in the true sense of
the word. Many of the foot-
ballers I met during this
examination were very good in
one or two skills but they were
a long way from being qualified
for the designation of "foot-
baller."For this state of affairs I con-
sider the club must accept
responsibility: if they want the
right kind of performance they
must provide the right kind of
progressive football education
for those who join their or-
ganisation, and what is more
they must satisfy themselves by
some method of examination
that the individual is making
acceptable progress.Well, that's what a business
efficiency expert thinks about
football. Reduced to such
practical language it makes
startling reading but it does in
fact tie up with the Hungarian
pronouncement that "success" in
football requires work . . . and
they have proved it too.At the end of his report he
also made comment that he felt
young players were not being
groomed in the right environ-
ment. "It is asking too much,"
he said, "to expect the cabbage
patch player of today to step
into a crowded stadium to-
morrow and give of his best;
junior matches played before
the main attraction seem to be
an ideal solution."That last comment will bring
some satisfaction to fans in
Hongkong where the two-game
practice is used to great ad-
vantage, but I often wonder if
it is possible here to widen the
scope of the scheme still further
and include the Second Division
'B' and the Third Division sides
in the list of those who may
play their matches before the
main games.

WONDERFUL INCENTIVE

It would be a wonderful in-
centive to the lower grade clubs
if they could, once in a while,
get a chance to play before the
big crowds, and this could be
decided by rota or drawing for
the privilege of playing in the
big-time environment. It would
also be excellent progressive
education for the up-and-coming
players . . . for, as I said at the
start . . . the novice of today is
the star of tomorrow . . .It has been a disappointment
to several folks to find that
I am not interested in acting as
a publicity agent for those who
hope to influence the election of
this or that person to the chair-
manship of the Hongkong Foot-
ball Association.There is so much going on
behind the scenes in this matter
that I prefer to be as far away
from it as possible. However
there is one thing of which I am
already certain, several gentle-
men who think they are on the
list of possibilities are going to find
themselves very much out in
the cold.There are very few available
candidates who would be accept-
able to all parties and I am
assured that the really accept-
able ones have already stated
that they are definitely not in-
terested in the position. This
should not be misinterpreted by
others as meaning that their
chances are enhanced . . . the
very opposite is the case and
I don't think that I am farwrong in saying that present in-
dications are—the owner being
willing of course—that the same
pains will polish the same chair
for another year.My article on the introduction
of Pools as a means of giving
the HKFA an improved income
to carry out its commitments on
a bigger, better and wider scale,
has generally been well received.I discussed it with a group of
friends the other evening and
one or two interesting points
arose.A fellow columnist's comment
that it would make for increase
in corruption was brought up and
it was argued that with pools,
where winning or losing depend
on a combination of games, the
possibility of corruption is very
much less than the present cir-
cumstances, where betting takes
place on one particular game and
on the actual number of goals
scored in it.While it is within the bounds
of possibility to "fix" one game
it is a very different job indeed
to fix half-a-dozen . . . par-
ticularly as the Pool selections if
based on local games could in-
clude matches featuring teams
where there is no possibility of
any fixing being done . . . but
more important still the Pools
could be run on games played
in the United Kingdom.

FAIR PROFITS

The legality of the Pools was
also discussed and it seemed to
be the opinion that if there was
the correct type of promoter,
the right kind of control and
management, and fair profits
then surely the project would
get the same official treatment
and approval as the sweepstakes
so successful and ably run by
the Hongkong Jockey Club.Football is changing its com-
plexion. The world is now its
playground. Hongkong's foot-
ballers have all the potentialities
in skill, courage, and
ambition to fit them into the
highest international class. Such
progress needs financial backing
and financial reserve for there
will be times when expensive
essential experience will not of
necessity be comparably
remunerative.Money may be a necessary
evil, if that is how you look at
it in football, but it can still
make many good things possible.
Let us not discard any idea
until it has been fairly and
thoroughly examined.And now here are particulars
of the various games for this
week—

TODAY

Memorial Cup Final
Hongkong Chinese v. Kowloon
Chinese at Club at 8.30 p.m.
This will be preceded by an
Exhibition game between Hong-
kong Ex-Interceptors and the
first two teams of 2nd Div. A
& B at 7.15 p.m.

TOMORROW

Champions versus The Rest
South China v. The Rest at
Caroline Hill at 6 p.m.

THURSDAY

Victory Shield—Final
Combined Chinese v. Combined
Services at Club Stadium at 8.30
p.m.The popular Stanley Shield
Seven-a-Side Tournament will
take place at the Club Stadium
on Monday, Tuesday and
Wednesday at 6.30 p.m. and will
be concluded on Saturday and
Sunday, May 14 and 15.

TREVOR BAILEY DEMONSTRATES

Trevor Bailey gives a few batting tips to the younger members of the Essex
team in a practice session at Chelmsford. Left to right are Peter Spicer, Tony
Stanyard and Barry Knight.It's Manchester's Cup—
The Revie Plan Should See
The City-Slickers Through

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

One hundred thousand pairs of eyes turn towards the flower-decked
Royal Box in the vast sporting bowl at Wembley. They focus on a proud
skipper walking slowly, nervously, but triumphantly, up the concrete steps
to receive from The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh the prize to beat
all prizes, the Football Association Challenge Trophy.Who will it be today? Jimmy Scouler, or Roy Paul? Newcastle United or
Manchester City? A difficult choice to make, such a contrast in styles.There is Newcastle in their
tertiary final. The Cup has
decorated their board room
many a time. Take a look
at their League position,
consider recent form, and you're
bound to feel: "It's going to be
a bad 'un."But, say what you like about
their negative football, point to
the uncertain state of club
affairs; that Cup ticket rumpus.
They'll be in there fighting. For
Newcastle, steeped in tradition,
have an ideal temperament for
Cup Final day. They are a
Wembley team.Manchester City have been in
four Finals. They've won the
Cup twice. And that was be-
fore the days of Don Revie, the
swashbuckling cavalier whose
Hidalgos-like roving have
given new heart to rain-soaked
Manchester.

REVIE PLAN

Last year City were struggling
to avoid relegation. This season,inspired by the Revie Plan, the
elegantly clad boys in light blue
were only a stone's throw be-
hind Chelsea in the Cham-
pionship race. And remember, they
disposed of all-conquering
Sunderland along the Wembley
tall.Personalities will be there in
plenty. For Newcastle, pride
of place goes to skipper,
rugged Jimmy Scouler, the
former Portsmouth and Scottish
international star, who has
added a goodly portion of class
to his "get up and at 'em"
methods.Continental-styled Ronnie
Simpson, has kept goal for
Scotland. He's always at his
best on the big occasion. Then
there's Jackie Milburn, not
quite the dashing Milburn who
led England's attack in past
years, but still a first-class
any defence, still a potential
match-winner.Manchester can match New-
castle star for star. Half backs
don't come much better than
swarthy Roy Paul, City captain,
and Welsh international. Acro-
batic Bert Trautmann, the
German-born, ex-Paratrooper
POW, ranks among the finestgoalkeepers in the country. And,
to compete with the tireless
Milburn for forward honours,
Mr Revie himself.The magic of Wembley can
bring out the best in a side. Or
it can shatter its nerves. New-
castle should be the least
affected.
But if it depends on showman-
ship, and the sort of football we
hope will soon be accepted as
"typically English," I'm rooting
for Roy Paul and his City-
slickers.Today Is Your
Last Chance
For
Nominating
Hongkong's
Footballer
Of The YearNominate YOUR
Hongkong Footballer
Of The YearMembers of the public are invited to
nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's
Footballer of the Year for the current season.It is a popularity poll organised by the China
Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until
the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor,
China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of
the Year, taking into regard his playing ability
and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

Sports Diary

TODAY

Memorial Cup Final: H.K. Chinese
v. Kowloon Chinese (Club) 8.30 p.m.
Exhibition Match: H.K. Ex-Inter-
ceptors v. 2nd Div. A & B
Selection (Club) 7.15 p.m.Early Haig Fund Charity Tourna-
ment Southern Playground 8 p.m.
Lawn Bowls
First Division: "A" v. "B" v. "C"
"W" v. "X" v. "Y" v. "Z" v. "A"
"H" v. "I" v. "J" v. "K" v. "L" v. "M"
"N" v. "O" v. "P" v. "Q" v. "R" v. "S"
"T" v. "U" v. "V" v. "W" v. "X" v. "Y"
"Z" v. "A" v. "B" v. "C" v. "D" v. "E"
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"L" v. "M" v. "N" v. "O" v. "P" v. "Q"
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Norman Phillips Trophy Match Tomorrow

The Hongkong Amateur Athletic Club team in the Norman Phillips Trophy match on Sunday afternoon at Pokfulam will be as follows:

100 Yards: Stephen Xavier, W. L. McCall, R. Marques, Eddie Loureiro, Roy Spencer.
220 Yards: Stephen Xavier, W. L. McCall, M. C. Marsh, R. A. Marques.
440 Yards: M. P. Curzon, M. C. Marsh.
880 Yards: M. P. Curzon, Roy Bell.
One Mile: Lt. P. Miller, F. A. Trice, R. Whitte.
Three Miles: M. B. S. Tulliot, 120 Yards Hurdles: L. A. Cooper, Samuel Lo.
220 Yards Hurdles: Roy Bell, L. A. Cooper, Samuel Lo.
High Jump: T. H. Tsang, Samuel Lo, M. C. Marsh.
Long Jump: M. C. Marsh, Stephen Xavier, T. H. Tsang, T. H. Tomlinson.

Hop, Step and Jump: T. H. Tsang, Samuel Lo, David Bryce, T. H. Tomlinson.
Shot Put: Capt. J. B. Lambert, T. H. Tsang, C. M. Brand.
Discus Throw: Capt. J. B. Lambert, Lt. P. Miller, C. M. Brand.
Javelin Throw: C. M. Brand, Capt. J. B. Lambert, Lt. P. Miller, S. Xavier.
Officials: 4 x 50 Yards Relay: Brother Conrad, Father Lawler, Mrs. Van Vliet, J. E. P. Blenkinsop.

Teams are allowed more than three participants per event but only the performances of the first three will count. Keen members of the HKAAC are asked to turn out and participate in as many events as they can as the Club needs every point it can make in both the local match and the international postal match.

Point scoring in the local match will be 5-4-3-2-1. Those selected for only one or two events who would like to participate in more events will be very welcome as will any non-members of the HKAAC who would like to join the Club and participate in the match.

The timetable has been made up to allow of all distance runs other than the 880 Yards being run in the cooler part of the afternoon. For those who may think the weather is too hot, the fact remains that athletic meetings have been run in Hongkong well into mid-June.

TIMETABLE

2.30 p.m. 880 Yards.
2.40 Hop, Step and Jump.
2.45 100 Yards.
3.00 High Jump.
3.10 One Mile.
3.20 Javelin Throw.
3.30 120 Yards Hurdles.
4.00 Shot Put.
4.30 Open One Mile Race Walk.
4.40 220 Yards.
4.45 Discus Throw.
4.50 Long Jump.
5.00 One Mile.
5.10 440 Yards.
5.20 220 Yards Hurdles.
5.40 Three Miles.
6.00 Officials' 4x50 Yards Relay.
6.15 Presentation of Norman Phillips Trophy.

SPORTS BRIEFS

Jack Gardner and Johnny Williams, both former British Champions, will meet for their postponed British Heavyweight title eliminator on June 6. The fight will be at Nottingham Ice Rink, as originally planned before Gardner cut his eye badly in training.

Peter May, the brilliant young Surrey and England batsman who did so well on his first Australian tour with the MCC, is to be given a civic welcome by his home town of Reading. The Reading Town Council will put their congratulations on parchment. This will be presented to May at the reception on May 27 by the Mayor, England colleagues Len Hutton and Colin Cowdrey, with Surrey captain Stuart Surridge and Ronnie Ald, MCC secretary and May's cricket coach at Charterhouse, have also been invited.



AN HISTORIC GOAL

That Day In April, 1923, Remains Indelibly Printed In Many A Memory

By ARCHIE QUICK

David Bone Livingstone Jack fills a niche in football history from which he can never be displaced. He was the first man to score a goal in a Cup Final at Wembley. It was an historic goal; it was a memorable occasion this inauguration of what has become the most famous Soccer arena in the world. Wembley today is the focal spot of every player's ambition whether he is foreign or a home product, whether it is a Cup Final or an International.

But that day in April, 1923, will forever remain indelibly printed on the memories of all who were privileged to be there. The huge crowd, estimated at a quarter of a million, burst into the ground and overflowed on to the playing pitch. One remembered the successful efforts of the police, players and officials—and above all the mounted policeman on a white horse—to get the seething mass back to the touchlines. And the drama of the game itself. It was the red letter day in English football.

There were Bolton Wanderers, moderately successful in the First Division, pitted against West Ham United, who were later to gain promotion from Division Two. The rival captains, Smith and Kay, lost, and the match is on. To inside-right Jack falls the honour of the first goal.

Tall, willowy David Jack—the Frank Woolley of football—who had a body swerve that has never been equalled. The son of a Bolton Wanderer, who later became manager of Plymouth Argyle—lovable Bob Jack—the boy David moved from Bolton to help lay the foundation of the Arsenal legend and later managed Southampton and Middlesbrough.

After a break from the game as a licensee in Southend and London he returned to manage the Irish club, Shelbourne. But only last week he has resigned that post.

Restless, academic, David looks just what he is—an ex-schoolmaster, a very serious-minded man who takes life just as sternly as he took his game of football.

He was a perfectionist, and while much of the credit for the modern Arsenal is given to Charlie Buchan and Alex James, David Jack was no less an architect in the raising of the Highbury structure.

He still recalls that goal: "I got the ball just outside the penalty area from a short through pass from Nuttall. I

slipped it sideways to Jack Smith, took the return pass just inside the box and hit the shot home first time past Hutton. He never had a chance; it was too good off him and I was unmarked."

FOUND HIS NICHE

A figure who has loomed large in English football these last 30 years is Major Frank Buckley. He never attained undue prominence as a player, with Aston Villa—his brother Chris is still a director there—but as a manager he found his niche, and ranks with the late Herbert Chapman as the greatest of all time.

He is now in the throes of his toughest assignment—managing struggling Walsall, with Hull, Notts County, Leeds, Blackpool, and most of all, Wolverhampton Wanderers it was success all the way. How different in the suburbs of Birmingham!

Major Buckley, now approaching 80 years of age, is nothing if not a fighter and he took on the job at Fellows Park with his eyes wide open. He went there knowing that where in the past he had dabbled in thousands of pounds now he had to count his pennies.

His first good deed was to justify the reason for his appointment by saving Walsall from being thrown out of the League last season when they had to apply for re-election for the umpteenth time.

Now he is faced with the same situation and the position looks

a little darker. For the League may have lost patience and the knockings at the door of Peterborough United are becoming more and more persistent.

OPTIMISTIC

Yet the gallant Major was optimistic when I saw him, at Queen's Park Rangers' ground. "Money talks more than anything else in football," he said, and our "gates" are big enough to make the League think twice before they lightly throw us aside. No Third Division club North or South commands such a consistently large following. That has weighed with the past and can do so again.

"What is more, since I obtained some new players and infused a big financial influence on the Board of Directors our playing results since Christmas have been better than ever before. If we had had a first half of the season as good as the second, we should have been near the top of the table."

Somewhat I feel the Major is over-optimistic. They will set up a record for the number of times a club has had to re-apply if they do it this season and the League are likely to take a drastic view, big "gates" or no big "gates." After all, Peterborough's "gates" have been considerable enough. Yes, I think Walsall's only hope for League survival is to pull out of the last two places during the next fortnight, and I don't think they will do it.

WHAT THE BIG LEAGUE CLUBS THINK OF

A SCANDAL WHICH SHOULD BE RESENTED BY EVERY FOLLOWER OF SOCCER

By J. L. MANNING

Britain's big League football is being undermined by the racket of under-the-counter-payments to players so that dishonest clubs can, if they wish, get an unfair advantage over their honest opponents.

That is a scandal which should be resented by every follower of our national game.

Today I can reveal what the clubs themselves think of this evil, as I have been shown the official, confidential report of a private conference of League clubs held on March 27, 1950—five years ago—and the rackets have grown worse since then.

At that meeting, I can disclose, Mr. Arthur Drury, the president of the Football League, said: "We do not get the information which might be common knowledge in football circles."

Speaking in the secrecy of this highly confidential meeting, the representatives of the big clubs told the Football League president a few harsh facts. These are some of the things their spokesmen said:

MANCHESTER CITY: We know who the players are, and we know who the clubs are, but if anyone came forward his name would be given. Some of £100 to £1,000 have been paid to players on transfer.

BIRMINGHAM CITY: It is unfair to throw the onus of proof upon clubs. The initiative is with the Management Committee of the League, and there are "a number of ways they can act."

CHELSEA: referred to low rents of houses provided for players and the payment of illegal bonuses "which are outside the books entirely." They wanted "stronger action."

WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS: said that one of the difficulties arose from jobs being offered to players outside football and that "strong action should be taken even to the suspension of the club concerned for all time."

Well, now, that is all very interesting. Birmingham, Chelsea, and Wolverhampton each have a director who is a member of the League Management Committee. They are Messrs D. F. Wiseman, J. H. W. Meers, and A. M. Oakley, all men greatly respected in the game.

However, if their clubs' spokesmen hold these views in 1950, why by 1955 has no concerted action been taken by the League? This is the official background of shady Soccer. Now let me tell

you what is going on. One instance I will call the Case of The Whistled Telephone Number or Dial M For Money.

The manager named the player, and said everything was arranged, apart from his consent to the transfer. He was invited to watch the next home game.

"The next I knew," said the manager, "I was called to my

office during the game to speak to this player on the phone."

"I thought I'd catch an early train back," said the player. "When are you going to sign?"

The player's reply came in a whisper: "My telephone number is 850." The player meant that you had to dial "E" before the "850."

"Couldn't you raise the money?" the representative of a national newspaper asked the manager. "No. It just wasn't there. Even the programme account was empty," he replied.

So it goes on. These stories are not hard to track down. It is not surprising that the President of the League admitted that they may be "common knowledge in football circles."

What is surprising is that no action is taken. Surely, what this newspaper can do, the Football League could do. And they should do it.

So I shall await with interest the annual meeting of the League in June. Will the clubs be bold—or will they be silent?

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Bobby Locke, Denis Hart, Wes Santee, Frank Tyson.
2. Jim Braddock by an eighth round knock-out in June 1937.
3. Bill Talbert.
4. Maureen "Little Mo" Connolly, Sir Gordon Richards, Chris Chataway, Geoff Duke.
5. Yvonne Petra of France in 1948.
6. It was the occasion of Roger Bannister's first-ever four-minute mile.
7. Captain Webb in 1875.
8. Cross-country running, fencing, horse-riding, shooting, and swimming.
9. Don Cockell, Gardner and Williams were the two previous British heavy-weight boxing champions.
10. The amateur golfers of Britain and America—London Express Service.

Defence And Not - Attack Is The Keystone Of Modern Football

One of the great footballers of all time and now the successful manager of Leeds United, Horatio ("Raich") Carter believes that defence and not attack is the keystone of modern football. That is why he persists in playing the great John Charles at centre-half and not centre-forward. Results show that Carter must be right.

"When I first went into management at Hull," Carter told me "I was convinced that attack, attack again would be my first principle for success. Consequently I bought some star forwards. But it did not work out that way, and now I must grudgingly admit that to succeed in Soccer your first aim must be to stop the other fellows from scoring."

"A new, forward formation and a new plan of attack may pull you through for a while. Instances are Manchester City and Portsmouth. But it will not last. The others will catch up on you sooner or later. Look at Tottenham Hotspur. Defence, however, is constant."

John Charles did a "hat trick" for Wales against Ireland at Belfast in the mid-week International, but Mr. Carter was not tempted to move him to centre-forward for the vital promotion game with Blackburn Rovers. "Rovers had 113 goals this season, we had not conceded a home goal in five games," said Mr. Carter. "Although my attack is not as strong as I would like, it was essential

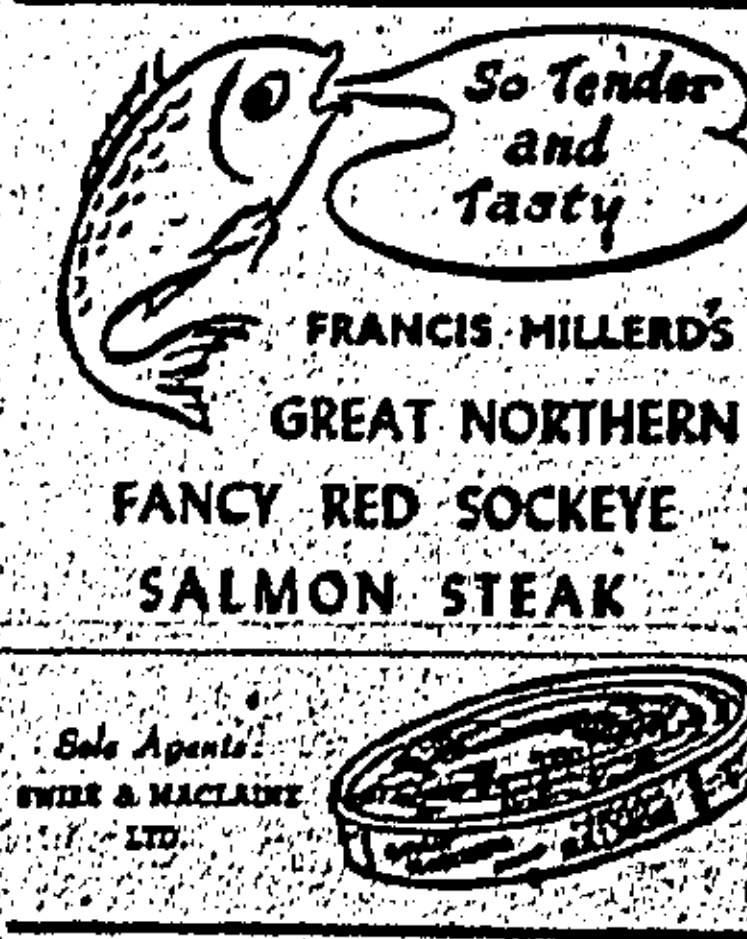
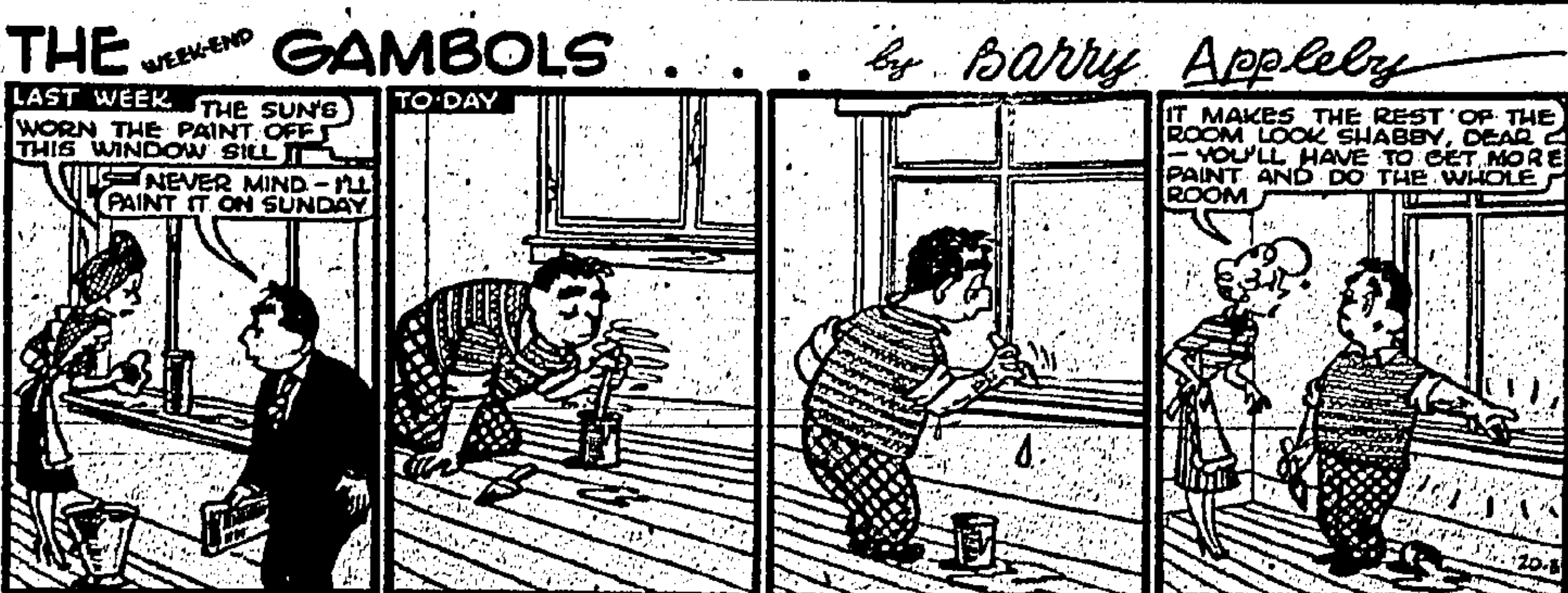
to stop Tommy Briggs, Eddie Quigley etc. from scoring. So big John stayed at centre-half."

Raich has another theory that to be successful all managers should be former star players. "At board meetings," he said "the manager has to meet and report to business men who have made successes of their private lives. Therefore, he should be right on top of his job and know the inner secrets of it. Only a man who has played can do that. And his task is to produce team results; not worry about the office side of the club."

Carter on Charles is an interesting topic too. "He is the greatest all-round footballer in the world and he will never leave Leeds," said the manager and his Chairman and Vice-Chairman, Messrs. Sam Bolton and Percy Woodward. Carter added: "No club could be blessed as we are by having the finest centre half and the finest centre forward in the world."

"And if I played him in goal he would be keeping for Wales in a year. He is that kind of an instinctive footballer. Full back or wing half or inside forward would all come the same to him."

"I suppose he would like to go back to his native Wales and play for Cardiff, but he has a house and family here and seems comfortable. Wouldn't it be kinder to let us keep the place of Cardiff in the First Division?"



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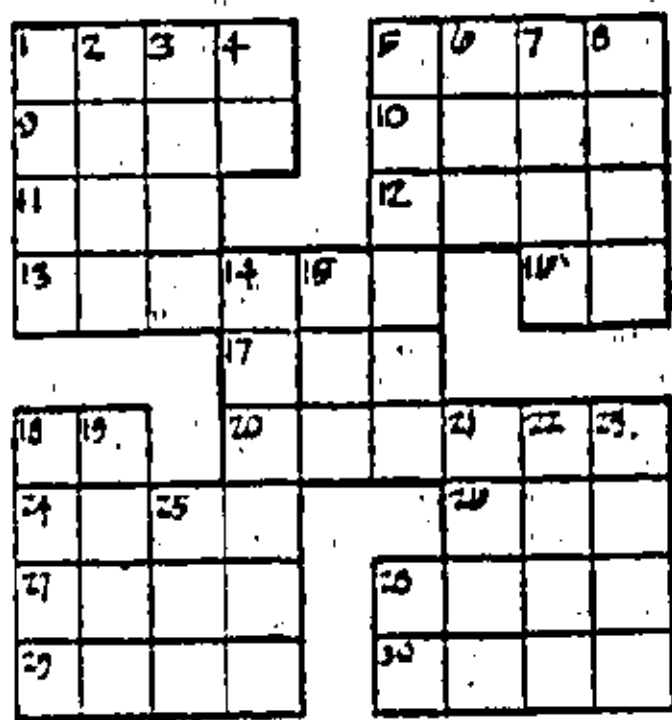
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ADORNED is the base for today's triangle. The second word is an abbreviation for "card", third "a theatrical sign", fourth "equal", fifth "close", and sixth "to originate". Finish the triangle from these clues:

ADORNED
ADORNED
ADORNED

WORD CHAIN

Can you change a WEEK into a YEAR in only three moves, altering only one letter at a time and making sure you have a good word on each change?

WORD SQUARE

After rearranging the letters in each row to form a good word, rearrange the rows so they will read the same down as across:

A	E	O	L	N
A	E	N	S	T
E	E	N	T	T
I	O	O	N	N
E	O	L	S	T

(Solutions on Page 20)

WORD CHARADE

D D D D
D D D D
L

"If I let you go with me," Mother told Sadie, "You must promise to act like..."
(Answer on Page 20)

HOMONYM

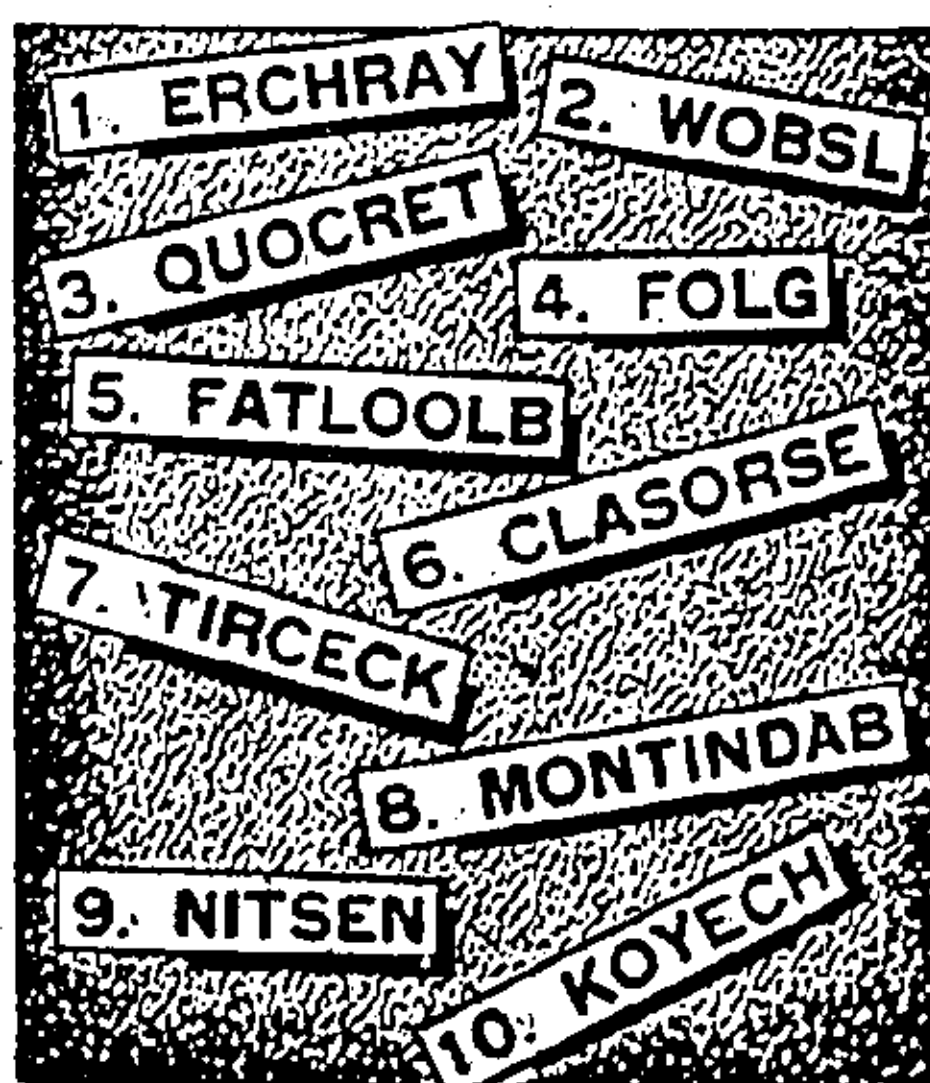
The Puzzleman's missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete his sentence?
He wanted to — the — before eating it.

WHICH WAY? That's The Problem For You

IT happened when Elspeth and David offered to help their Uncle Tom at a sports meeting. He wanted someone to help to put up the notices directing people to the different sports. Elspeth and David assembled the wooden letters in the proper order, but along came Minty, their naughty terrier, and upset all the words.

Surprise

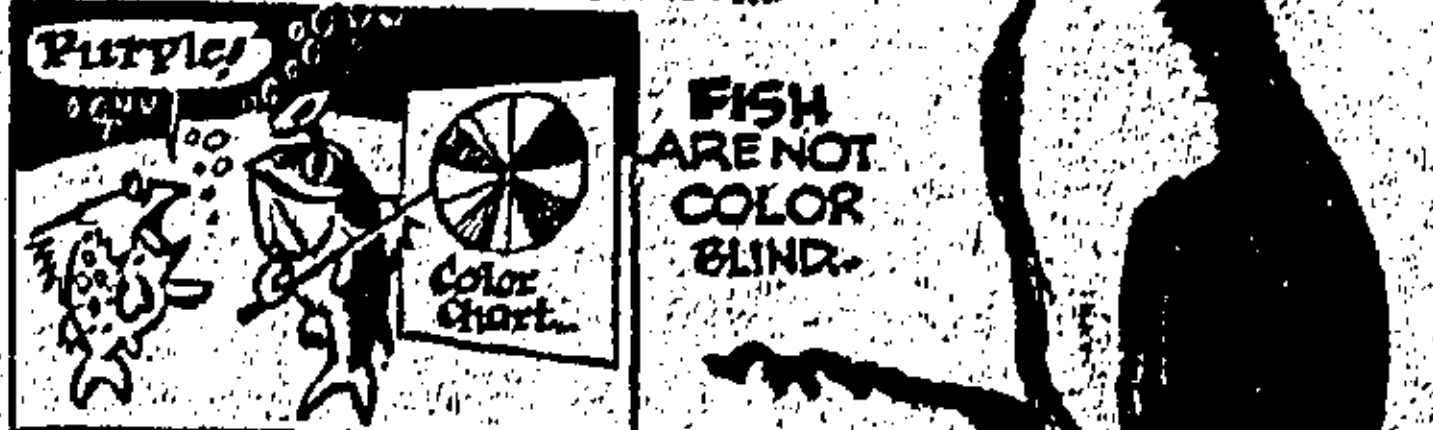
Uncle Tom got a big surprise when he saw the notices go up. But he said: "This will be all the more interesting for the people who come along to find their way to the different sports."



way to the different sports." he said: "This will be all the more interesting for the people who come along to find their way to the different sports."

ZOO'S WHO

THE EUROPEAN VIPER IS OFTEN CALLED THE ADDER IN GREAT BRITAIN. IT IS THE ONLY POISONOUS SNAKE IN THAT COUNTRY.



THE MURRE, A BIRD OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND NORTH PACIFIC, LAYS A FLAT EGG. IT HAS NO NEST AND LAYS ITS EGG ON BARE STONE. THE EGG IS SLIGHTLY FLATTENED AND POINTED AT THE END SO THAT IT ROLLS IN A SMALL CIRCLE WHEN DISTURBED, MAKING IT LESS LIKELY TO FALL OFF LEDGES.

THIS GIFT GROWS PRETTIER

ONE of the best gifts you can give Mom for Mother's Day (tomorrow), if you haven't found any yet, is a gift that grows and grows and grows... more beautiful and lovelier all the time, like the green, leafy philodendron.

This tropical plant with its smooth, shiny leaves is sure to thrive even for those who are not expert plant growers.

It may be planted in soil, but it does very well in water alone. It grows easily from slips (cut off parts) and is not particular whether it gets light from the north, south, east or west.

Besides its easiness to grow and its ever-fresh beauty, philodendron is very inexpensive. All the plants you see in the picture came from one plant.



Old dish, toothbrush holder and plant yield centrepiece.

This is the way I made my centrepiece for Mother's Day: First I bought a nice, healthy looking plant.

The I found an old, thrown-away vegetable dish and I put a plastic toothbrush holder in it. You can also use a regular flower holder.

I cut my plant at various places along the stem and placed plant pieces in the openings in the toothbrush holder, filled the dish with water, and placed the dish near a window for light. The leaves grew and after several days my cuttings had roots and many new leaves. I put candles in some of the holes in the centrepiece to complete it.

— Evelyn Witter

Diamond Ball Pinch Hits For Baseball

By JULIA W. WOLFE

HERE is a game some boys made up at a Boy Scout camp. They called it diamond ball and there were four players on a side; it will test your skill at throwing and catching and you will find it a good substitute for baseball when there are not enough players for regular ball games.

Mark out a square 30 feet on a side. One member of the team stands at each corner, and each of the four players has a baseball. When the leader gives the signal to start, each member throws his ball to the one on his right and catches the ball thrown to him by the player on his left. Thus, a player at "first" will throw his ball to the player at "second", then turn and catch the ball tossed to him by the player at "home" plate.



example, if a contestant should miss a ball and it should fly past him, he must first get it and return with it to his position before the throwing may begin again.

When the first team is in the field the opponents keep track of the score and vice versa.

The teams may have as many innings as the players wish. All the errors made by each group during its several turns are added together, and the team that has the fewer wins the game.

GAME WITH WORDS

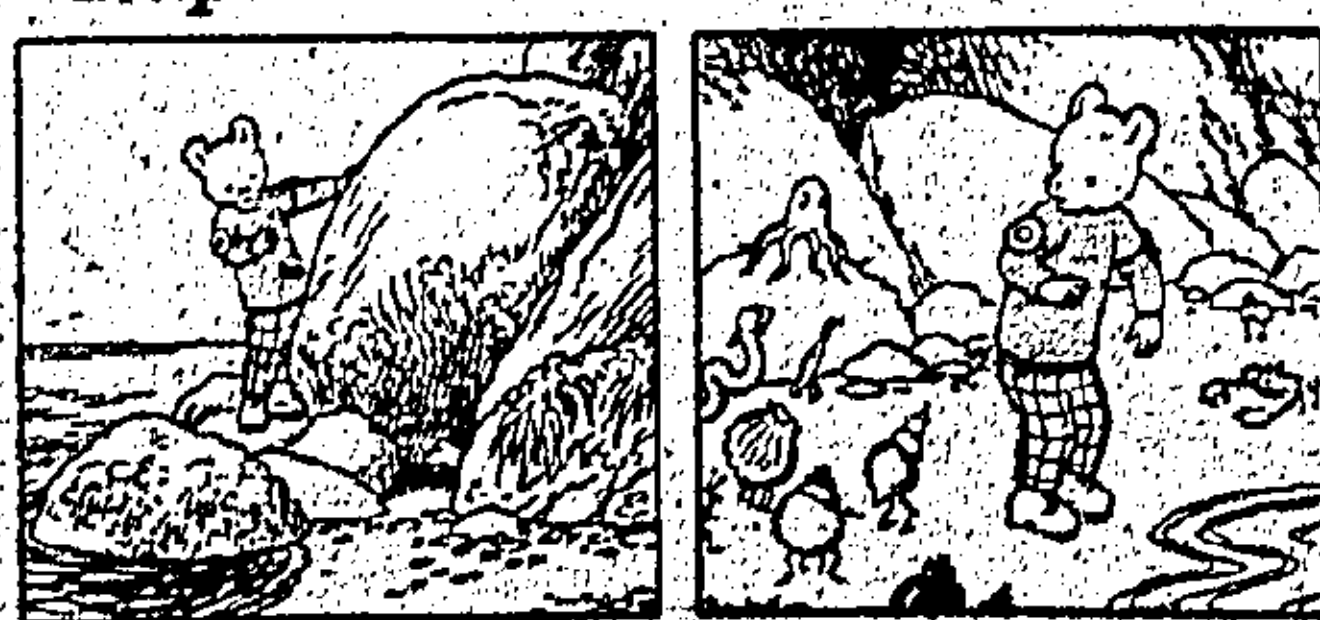
IN THIS GAME you are to find 16 words beginning with FIRE. To get a word, change one letter in only one of the words listed after FIRE, sometimes the B word, sometimes the A word. Leave the other letters in the same order as before. In No. 1, for example, CLACKER (the A word) is changed to CRACKER to make FIRE-CRACKER.

The changed letter may be anywhere in the word, beginning, middle, or end.

- | | | |
|----------|------------|-----------|
| 1. Fire | A. clacker | B. sucker |
| 2. Fire | A. cook | B. fry |
| 3. Fire | A. lawn | B. plane |
| 4. Fire | A. deer | B. wool |
| 5. Fire | A. night | B. down |
| 6. Fire | A. words | B. cold |
| 7. Fire | A. pint | B. arts |
| 8. Fire | A. tide | B. silly |
| 9. Fire | A. maid | B. ear |
| 10. Fire | A. grow | B. garden |
| 11. Fire | A. mouse | B. part |
| 12. Fire | A. big | B. boy |
| 13. Fire | A. boot | B. slow |
| 14. Fire | A. pack | B. bread |
| 15. Fire | A. seed | B. root |
| 16. Fire | A. enter | B. grand |

(Answers on Page 20)

Rupert and the Inventor—34



When he is feeling staid and can breathe properly Rupert tries to think. "The inventor didn't say what this island was called or where it was. He said I'm to find one of his little engines and take it back to him. It must be here somewhere." He goes about and then scrambles down to a small sandy shore. "Oh my," he muzzers. "What are all these?" For some strange creatures are waiting out of the sea and out of cracks in the rocks. Some they are standing and staring silently around him.

Forever Interesting

SWEEPING developments have taken place in America's air mail services since their first stamp was issued.

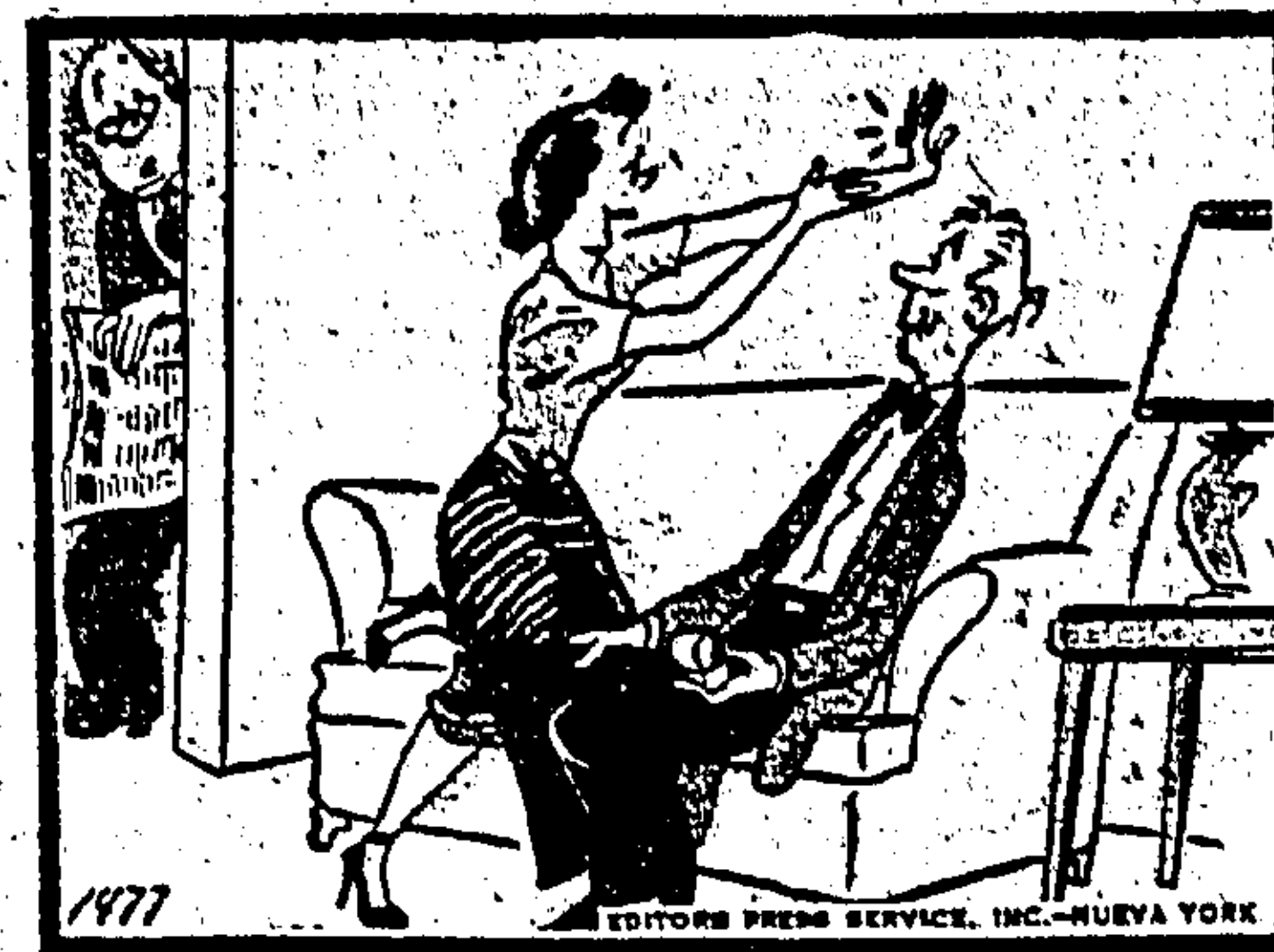
This thought is brought forcefully to mind by the latest U.S. air mail stamp now on sale in London and illustrated here. It shows the American eagle flashing through the air on powerful wings, much in the way a plane glides when coming in to land.

The first U.S. air mail issue was in the year 1918. It was a 6-cent orange and with it appeared a 16-cent green and 24-cent blue and red.

Of these the most valuable is the green. It is catalogued at 35s unused and 17s 6d used.

A famous air mail stamp is the one issued in 1927 to honour the flight across the Atlantic by Colonel Lindbergh. It shows his plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, and his route from New York. But the catalogue price of this stamp is only 1s 6d mint and 8d used.

What of the new stamp illustrated here? It is perforated 10½ by 11, printed in recess and is 6d unused in London. Its future? Stamp values are always a gamble. But air mails are forever interesting.



YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 7

BORN today, you are one who should find a career in which you come in constant contact with the public. You have a talent for knowing how to handle people and this gift will make you valuable in positions calling for friendly public or labour relations. Patient and understanding, you are also a good judge of people and can usually, at first sight, size them up accurately. You have executive ability, also.

In addition to these gifts, you have definite artistic talents which should be developed at an early age. If they are neglected, you may find that you have missed your real role in life. Actually you might put the talents already described to work for you in the field of the arts. You would probably find that management or production would make you most content throughout a long and productive life.

You are not one who should be too venturesome when it comes to business and finance. Learn to make sure of all your facts before you expand your interests or you might find that overexpansion leads you into financial difficulty. Steady, serious work rather than "one time long shots" are your best hope for material gains.

Although you are affectionate and even demonstrative among your close friends, you are not apt to be the first one to make overtures. You want to be sure that your affections are returned.

Among those born on this date are: Socrates, philosopher; Anton Seidel, musician; Johannes Brahms, composer; Marcus Loew, theatrical magnate; Gary Cooper, film star; and "Uncle" Joe Cannon, political strategist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 8

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If at all possible, it would be a good idea for you to get out in the open today.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Pay no attention to those who are spreading gossip. You will find it is dangerous to depend on rumour.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Nothing stands in the way of your having a restful day with some appropriate recreation.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have an important letter to be written, get it done early. Duty comes first.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Count ten before you give anyone a quick answer. Only in that way will you avoid misunderstanding.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If this is one of those wonderful days, pile into the car and get out into the country.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—This would be a good day for you to offer your services in some church or community drive.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Plan to let down tensions today and get some real rest and relaxation. Might visit friends.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Don't try to solve a difficult problem this morning. Wait until later on and it will be easy.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Your best happiness may actually be just around the next corner. Be ready for it, soon!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—It's your duty to get some rest today. This week will prove a busy one for you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Even a friendly discussion could turn into a serious argument, so compromise and avert a quarrel.

BORN today, you are an individual of temperament and moods which you first must learn to control if you are to control your own destiny. The stars have given you outstanding talents but it is up to you to make the best possible use of them. Even genius can die unknown if it is not developed in the proper channels. Perhaps your one outstanding handicap is your lack of self-confidence. You have great ambitions and dreams but have the fear that you are incapable of achieving them. Learn to take the first thing first, and then go on from there. The second step will seem less difficult.

You have a great love of the beautiful in Nature and with your gift for depicting the beauty of life, you should not fail to make use of this talent. There is, however, a tendency toward despondence, against which you must guard. Learn to take a positive attitude toward life and never permit yourself to worry over what has passed. Gone is gone! Begin from there to build anew.

It is likely that you will have a definite message to leave the world which you live. Even if it is not too popular in your own times, it is likely that it will outlive you and your fame will increase. You may never be very wealthy, but this does not concern you too much.

Among those born this date are: Louis M. Gottschalk, composer; J. M. W. Turner, author; Harry S. Truman, U.S. president; John Wesley Hill, clergyman; and James Hamilton, early South Carolina governor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 9

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be careful this evening that you are not indiscreet. Your judgment might not be up to normal.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—This is not the day to be too experimental. Test an idea before you act upon it. Be careful.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—You may find that minor upsets retard your actions but there will be nothing serious.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be conservative especially when it comes to matters of business expansion. Investigate details carefully.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Pay close attention to your work. Action counts today. You may schedule for good results. Let daydreams all you want—but you've got to implement them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This should be a busy day for you. A new way of doing your work can increase the rewards.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Use self-control, and don't let your temper betray you into an indiscreet act, even if provoked.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Worry can be at the bottom of that "all-gone" feeling. Take a positive attitude toward everything.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Some minor matter could upset your equanimity. Pay attention to details and all will be well.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't let this be a "blue Monday" even if you feel annoyed at having to get back to work.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Pay close attention to your work. Action counts today. You may schedule for good results. Let daydreams all you want—but you've got to implement them.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—You can avert an upset by paying close attention to what you are doing. Don't be careless.

A Policeman's Lot

Pixie O'Cop took off his cap and mopped his forehead. "Well, that's how it goes," he said. "You find them and you take them back. But never a word of thanks out of them. That's the life of a cop!"

And though he sighed deeply, Knarf and Hanid were quite sure that Pixie O'Cop loved being one and wouldn't have been anything else.

A Lost Beetle

Here Pixie O'Cop suddenly noticed Knarf and Hanid. "Raw!" the young beetle was yelling. "I'm lost!"

"That's the trouble with these youngsters," Pixie O'Cop confided to Knarf and Hanid. "They're always getting themselves lost."

"I hope he knows the address of his house," Hanid said.

"Beetles don't live in houses," said Pixie O'Cop. "That makes it harder. And he's so busy blubbering that I can't understand what he's saying anyway."

